

✓ HEMINGWAY'S NONFICTION :

A Study in Nonfiction Novel

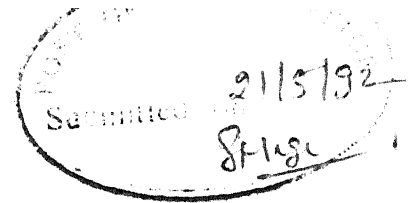
*A Thesis Submitted
In Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements
for the Degree of*
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

By
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to the
**DEPARTMENT OF HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES
INDIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY KANPUR**

MAY, 1992

CERTIFICATE



It is certified that the work contained in this thesis entitled "Hemingway's Nonfiction: A Study in Nonfiction Novel" by Sanjay Kumar has been carried out under my supervision and that the work has not been submitted elsewhere for a degree.

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SYNOPSIS

Name of Student: Sanjay Kumar

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Degree for Which Submitted: Ph. D.

Department: Humanities and Social Sciences

Thesis Title: Hemingway's Nonfiction: A Study in Nonfiction Novel

Name of Thesis Supervisor: S. K. Aithal

Month and Year of Thesis Submission: May 1992

In the present work we have taken up for study Hemingway's extended works of nonfiction--Death in the Afternoon (1932), Green Hills of Africa (1935), A Moveable Feast (1964), and The Dangerous Summer (1985). Our thesis is that the above works anticipate and approximate the contemporary genre, nonfiction novel, and that they should be studied as such. Like a nonfiction novel, they combine fictional forms and techniques with "factual" subject-matter. The fusion of "factual" subject-matter and fictional forms in these works threaten to break down the conventional classification of factual and fictional writings based on the notion of "facts" not being amenable to aesthetic treatment.

We have adopted John Hellmann's theory of nonfiction novel for studying these works. According to Hellmann, a nonfiction novel is an aesthetic experience

embodying the result of the confrontation between external events and personal mind--a microcosmic selection, shaping, and interpretation of events of the macrocosm into a text, a construct representing not events, but an individual consciousness's experience of them. (25-26)

Drawing upon Northrop Frye, he suggests that all writings should be classified either as "fictional" or "assertive." He says that all writings are bireferential. In its inward reference a text

points to the verbal patterns that constitute it and, in its outward reference a text points to the outside world. A text is characterized as assertive or fictional in terms of its final direction of reference. He says:

If the elements of a text are selected and arranged with regard to their relation to the external world, that text is finally assertive. If they are selected and arranged with regard to their relation to each other, a world is created by their relations in the text, making that text finally literary. (23-24)

A nonfiction novel, according to him, is fiction because it has an aesthetic form and purpose making its final direction inward. He goes on to make a distinction between nonfiction novel and other genres of fiction on the basis of the contract or agreement between author and reader. In a nonfiction novel the contract between author and reader is a journalistic one promising factuality. He lays down two criteria for the evaluation of a nonfiction novel--author's adherence to the journalistic contract and examination of various narrative strategies which the author employs to achieve the aesthetic aim and purpose.

Using the above theory, we study and analyze Hemingway's nonfictional works in the chronological order of their publication. In each of the subsequent chapters, we first examine the "factual" status of each of these works to see whether or not Hemingway has adhered to the journalistic contract. Then we examine various narrative strategies which he employs in order to give these works an inward direction.

In Death in the Afternoon Hemingway turns the account of bullfight into a metafictional and self-reflexive narrative. In

the first few chapters he adopts the strategy of narrating the events as an involved spectator-narrator, and the reader, through his identification with the narrator, comes to participate in the narrator's personal experience and response to bullfight. In the later chapters he abandons this strategy in favor of narrating the events as a playful and ironic narrator who goes in for digressions and analogies. These strategies give the narrative a metafictional character.

The other three books are cast in the realistic mode and Hemingway uses the conventions associated with the realistic fiction--characterization, plot, use of symbols, etc.--to give these works an inward direction. In Green Hills of Africa, with the help of his narrative imagination, he transforms the account of the safari trip into a saga of the quest for self. Here he uses the device of characterization and shows the growth of the narrator/protagonist in terms of contrastive patterns of characters. He also invests the characters with symbolic significance. Again, he uses the plot structure to give the narrative an inward direction. The book opens in media res and using the technique of flashback he takes the reader back to the time of the beginning of the safari. Then he gradually brings the reader to the present to the time of the kudu hunt. The narrative is structured in such a way that it always points to the climactic end of the kudu hunt where the two forms of pursuit--pursuit of the kudu bull and pursuit and quest for the realization of the self--merge together.

In A Moveable Feast Hemingway turns the account of his stay

in Paris into an artistic journey from innocence to experience. He adopts the strategy of narrating the events through association instead of that of narrating the events in a chronological sequence as a chronicler. This enables him to organize the events in terms of themes and it is the emergence of a distinct pattern of themes which gives the narrative a unified structure. Here again, Hemingway employs contrastive patterns of characters and invests them with symbolic significance. He also makes a sustained use of imagery and symbols which endows the narrative with a poetic unity.

In The Dangerous Summer Hemingway transforms the account of the rivalry between two matadors into a heroic saga in which the older matador is driven by his inner code to the edge of destruction. Here he adopts the strategy of narrating the story as an involved narrator. Much of the interest of the story comes from his involvement with two matadors and the conflict which such an involvement creates in the narrator. Here again, he invests the characters with symbolic significance. The narrative is given a beautiful structure--a prologue, a beginning, a middle, and an end. Another strategy which he adopts to give the narrative an inward direction is to use alternating pattern of building up dramatic tension and then relaxing it just before it reaches its peak.

To sum up, each of these works, while adhering closely to "facts," possesses the structure of a work of art; the primary purpose and aim of each of these works is an aesthetic one. Hence, they should be classified and read as nonfiction novels.

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Acknowledgments

There are many people who helped in the preparation of this thesis. The name that comes most readily to my mind is that of my thesis supervisor Dr. S. K. Aithal. He has always been a source of inspiration. I am deeply indebted to him for his support and cooperation.

I would also like to thank Drs. R. K. Gupta and P. P. Sah who enriched my knowledge through course work. Special thanks are due to Dr. N. B. Meena who not only enriched my knowledge during course work but also took pains to go through the drafts of the first several chapters. Her insightful comments were of great help. I also thank Nissar for his help in the theoretical formulation of the thesis.

Special mention should be made of Dr B. N. Patnaik whose concern for me was always touching and whose friendly advice always stood me in good stead. Though I never had an opportunity to be taught formally by him, it was more than made up by the numerous discussions which I had had with him.

My thanks to Dr. B. H. Boruah who acted more as a friend than as a faculty and who supported and encouraged me in times of need. I really enjoyed our long discussions covering various topics.

My thanks are also due to Tarkeshwar with whom I enjoyed lively discussions on literature and other topics. I thank him

also for being a good friend and being there in times of need. I would like to express my gratitude to Nagarjuna and Nachiketa for their help in processing the thesis and to Patraji, Prema, Jayant, and Sanjay Saha for their friendly concern.

The acknowledgment would not be complete without mentioning Sudamaji, Brijlal, and Jainath who went out of their way to make my stay in the Department comfortable.

Last but not the least I acknowledge the Fulbright Foundation for the award of the predoctoral fellowship which enabled me to spend seven months at Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin and the John F. Kennedy Library, Boston. Special thanks are due to Megan Desnoyers, the curator of the Hemingway Collection, and Lisa Middents, the associate curator for their generous help and support.

INTRODUCTION

Reporter as Artist: Artist as Reporter

During his career as a writer spanning four decades, Ernest Hemingway not only wrote novels and short stories, but also wrote four full-length works of nonfiction and contributed many articles and essays to various newspapers and magazines. The full-length nonfictional works are as follows--Death in the Afternoon (1932), Green Hills of Africa (1935), A Moveable Feast (1964), and The Dangerous Summer (1985). While literary critics have rightly acclaimed Hemingway's craft of fiction and have endlessly debated how many "facts" and real-life experiences have gone into the making of his fiction, they have overlooked the fictional qualities of the above "factual" works. These works constitute an experiment in which Hemingway has explored the possibilities of use of fictional forms and techniques in dealing with a "factual" subject-matter. They have all the different aspects of fiction and they read like fiction. The fusion of "factual" subject-matter and fictional narrative forms and techniques in these works raise important theoretical issues--the difference between "factual" and fictional writings, and the nature of "fact" and its mimesis. This chapter focuses on the discussion of the above theoretical issues in order to resolve the critical dilemma of classification which such writings create and to offer justification for their classification as nonfiction novels.

These works have been received indifferently by literary critics and so far no serious attempt has been made to examine

them as literary (read fictional) works. There have been a few articles here and there in which critics, as we shall see in the subsequent chapters, generally dismiss these works as having little literary worth. They mostly treat these works as being temporary aberrations in the career of Hemingway the novelist and short story writer, and condescendingly classify them as treatises, memoirs, travelogues, sports, adventure, etc. Apart from these articles, there are three full-length studies of Hemingway's Nonfiction so far: Charles Fenton's The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway (1954), Robert O. Stephen's Hemingway's Nonfiction: The Public Voice (1967), and Ronald Weber's Hemingway's Art of Non-fiction (1990). Charles Fenton examines only Hemingway's early journalistic work and treats it merely as a stage in the development of Hemingway as a novelist and short story writer. Robert O. Stephen's book is a more comprehensive account dealing with the whole body of Hemingway's nonfictional writings--articles in magazines and newspapers, books, introductions to others' works, and other fugitive pieces. He uses the generic term "essay" to classify these writings. Although he claims that any evaluation of Hemingway as a writer should take into account his nonfictional writings, in his own study, he does not examine them as literary works. According to Stephen, Hemingway's objectives in writing nonfiction were two-fold. First, it functioned as a warm-up exercise in which Hemingway tried to work out new ideas and used them later in his fiction. Thus, a study of Hemingway's nonfiction provides us with useful insights into Hemingway's fiction. Stephen says:

Our best reason for studying Hemingway's essays is to see better Hemingway's art of fiction. To a secondary degree we can find value in the essays per se. Because Hemingway's fiction is expressive and self-exploring, his essays along with his more personal biography must remain key analytical tools for the study of his art. (40)

Secondly, it has provided Hemingway with an opportunity to speak to the readers directly and thus establish himself as a public personality.

In a more recent study Ronald Weber makes out a strong case for studying Hemingway's nonfictional writings as literary works. While claiming that the governing impulses behind his nonfiction were fundamentally different from those of his fiction, Weber says:

Where the non-fiction books and the fiction most deeply joined was in the effort to create works of lasting value. Hemingway said he wanted to be judged not by the journalism he tossed off for money but the serious writing he did for keeps. He meant the enduring category to include his major efforts in non-fiction. They were intended as permanent records, books that would last after he was gone, standing side by side with the fiction in his complete works. (2)

Although he refuses to compare them with Hemingway's fiction, Weber claims that "Hemingway's fact work stands by itself both as a major part of his writing achievement and as a significant body of American non-fiction" (3). But in the subsequent chapters of his book where he takes up individual works for study, while the process of their conception and writing and their critical reception are discussed at great length, the analysis of their literary qualities and "matters of internal craft and design" receives a short shrift.

The critics of Hemingway's nonfictional writings are

reluctant to accept them as literary works mainly because they are "factual" in content. Granville Hicks, for instance, dismisses Green Hills of Africa as of little literary consequence because of its subject-matter. He says:

The autobiographical preface is advisable, for what I have to say about Green Hills of Africa is that it is the dulllest book I have read since Anthony Adverse.... Hunting is probably exciting to do; it is not exciting to read about.... After a good deal of thinking about why the book is dull, the only reason I can see is its subject-matter. (214)

The general feeling is that facts are not the stuff of fiction, drama, or poetry. They make treatises, histories, and autobiographies, not fiction. Some facts no doubt go into fiction, but fiction is mainly, it is observed, a product of imagination, and whatever technical, historical, and real-life matter becomes a part of it, it undergoes transformation to a greater or lesser degree so much so that it is hardly distinguishable from things created or invented by imagination.

Associated with the prejudice against facts goes the belief that a close adherence to technical and historical accuracy curbs the free play of the writer's imagination and also makes it difficult for him to follow the dictats of fictional form. He must be allowed to exploit materials freely for his own purposes--aesthetic, moral, philosophical, etc.--and this partly explains why he transforms the materials taken from life. The fictional form or structure the writer chooses also necessitates many of the transformations of real-life experiences. Facts have to be suitably altered, modified, or changed to fit the form. This happens not only in the case of the writers choosing traditional

forms, but also in the case of all those who innovate new forms in response to the demands of new themes and experiences. It is thus argued that a scientific and empirical approach to reality will not only limit the range of the writer's subject matter, but also affect his artistic expression.

More than anything else, the transformational process associated with fictional art has encouraged the view that facts, as they are, do not simply make fiction. So, what distinguishes fictional writing from "factual" writing is the notion of transformational process associated with the former but not the latter. According to this view, "factual" writing represents reality objectively. Underlying this notion of "factual" writing are two assumptions: first, that one can know an external reality prior to discourse; and, secondly, that a neutral mediation between text and reality is possible. What this view fails to take into account is the mediatory role played by the human subject, of which all writings fictional or "factual," are necessarily a product. Modern Quantum Physics has shown that even the most delicate instrument of observation necessarily alters the phenomenon observed. And, the human subject, being an instrument of observation, in a manner of speaking, alters and changes what it observes. So, the "factual" writing, being a product of the human subject, can not but transform and alter the reality which it claims to have objectively represented. As a social being, the human subject is always condemned to one ideology or the other and its perceptions of reality is colored and clouded by it. Influenced by ideology, the subject always actively selects, interprets, and organizes or, in sum, reconstructs reality. What

the "factual" writing does is to conceal the presence of ideology and then present the always mediated and interpreted reality as objective reality. In this context, Michel Foucault says that any discourse which claims to be true, absolute, and neutral on the basis of its being a manifestation of permanent and universal reason, necessarily involves concealment of the traces of ideological strategies. These concealed ideological strategies first establish the concept of permanent and universal reason, and then, later maintain it in its dominant position. Once these strategies are exposed, the ideologically interested aspects of "objective" human discourse becomes obvious. What we wish to point out here is that "factual" writing, being a product of human subject, can never neutrally and objectively represent reality. It always reconstructs reality and in this reconstruction it perforce relies on the transformational process which is thought to be a characteristic of fictional writing.

So any distinction between "factual" and fictional writings which is based on the notion of certain subject-matter ("facts") not being amenable to aesthetic form and purpose is not tenable.

In such a case, nonfictional works such as those of Hemingway mentioned above should pose no problem in being considered fiction. But, then, all "factual" writing would claim the status of fiction. How can we then claim for Hemingway's nonfiction the status of fiction and still maintain that other "factual" writings are not fiction ?

Let us pause here briefly to cosider new journalism or

nonfiction novel (e.g., The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test [1968] and The Armies of the Night [1968] which combines "factual" subject-matter with fictional forms and techniques and has posed to critics problems of a similar nature--the question of generic identity, the relationship between "fact" and fiction, and the nature of reality and its representation.

Nonfiction novel developed as a literary response to the radically altered reality of the sixties when "facts" increasingly seemed stranger than fiction. Everyday-life now involved implausible characters and events. It was an age of "live" assassinations, moonwalks, Woodstock, Haight-Ashbury, Vietnam, Watergate, Gary Gilmore's execution, the Jonestown mass suicide, etc. These extraordinary events which defied all previous canons of rationality were brought to every one by electronic media, and thus made these events part of national consciousness. An individual already overwhelmed by these events was less in need of more facts than of an understanding of the meaning and significance of the facts already available. Such a situation demanded responses from journalists and novelists alike, for which they found their tools hopelessly inadequate. A "who-what-where-when" or "inverted pyramid" formula of conventional journalism could not capture the significance of these events; it, in fact, made these events look even stranger. Again, the novel of social realism which portrays the "common" and "representative," the typical experience of members of large classes in society, and which has evolved a set of literary conventions and techniques to do so, could not deal with these extraordinary events without causing a problem of credibility. Confronted with such a

situation, a large number of journalists and novelists turned to this new genre. A nonfiction novelist presents "factual" subject-matter in fictional form. While factuality of the subject-matter affords him the advantage of credibility, the freedom to use fictional forms enables him to communicate the meaning and significance of his subject in its full ambiguity and complexity. But this merging of "fact" with fiction sparked off a debate among critics about its status as a literary genre and it brought the issue of relationship between "fact" and fiction to the foreground of critical discussion.

Let us consider the major critics of nonfiction novel and how they have tried to resolve this impasse created by fact-fiction dilemma. John Hollowell is the first major critic to have studied nonfiction novel as a literary form. He defines it as a genre of literature which involves the application of six specific devices commonly associated with realistic novel to a body of facts gathered by exhaustive reportage. These six specific devices are as follows: scene-by-scene construction, recording of dialogue in full, providing status details, using point of view in complex and inventive ways to depict events as they unfold, interior monologue, and composite characterization. The problems with Hollowell's thesis are many. First, that while his definition implies a merger of "factual" subject-matter with fictional form, his identification of six specific devices makes the definition of nonfiction novel a very narrow one, thereby creating problems for the classification of all such works which either possess only some but not all these characteristics or show

a wider range of experimentation with the fictional forms. This approach to define nonfiction novel in quantitative terms rather than qualitative terms leaves the issue of generic identity problematic. Secondly, this approach suffers from a similar assumption about reality and its representation as we have discussed above--that external reality is directly accessible and it can be neutrally mediated by language.

Mas'ud Zavarzadeh in his study, The Mythopoeic Reality: The Postwar American Nonfiction Novel (1976), proposes a broad theoretical framework in order to deal with the issues of generic identity and of relationship between "fact" and fiction. According to him, all writings are monoreferential--fictional writing is "in-referential" gaining credibility by inner coherence, and factual writing "out-referential" gaining credibility by correspondence to the external world. The nonfiction novel is, according to him, a unique and new type of writing because it is "bi-referential" in its dual adherence to inner coherence and external correspondence. Because of its unique status, he suggests, a new critical vocabulary is required: characters become "actants," events are "actemes," narrators are "narratists," and so on. He asserts that the reality of the post-World War II era is so horrific, fantastic, and entropic that it has necessitated a new kind of writing, nonfiction novel, and that it is the only viable literary expression in such an age. According to him, the nonfiction novelist consistently seeks merely to transcribe actuality in order to reveal the absurdity of the contemporary situation which resists totalizing imagination. Once again, the problem with Zavarzadeh's thesis is that it is

based on the assumption that one can transcribe and represent reality objectively and neutrally.

John Hellman in Fables of Fact: New Journalism as New Fiction (1987) proposes a very sound and comprehensive theory of nonfiction novel (he calls it new journalism) which deals adequately with the issues of generic identity, of the relationship between "fact" and fiction, of the nature of reality, and its mimesis. According to him, nonfiction novel is a literary experiment

embodying confrontation between fact and mind, between the worlds of journalism and fiction. [Its author] attempt[s] to 'make up' or construct meaningful versions of the 'news' that continually threatens to overwhelm consciousness. (x)

The nonfiction novelist frankly acknowledges the important role of perceiving consciousness as a transforming power and he seeks to exploit it fully in order to structure his experience of the chaotic world in a meaningful pattern. Hellmann challenges the notion of factual writing being wholly objective and fictional writing being wholly subjective. Comparing conventional journalism (we can consider it as representing all factual writing) and new journalism (representing fiction), he says:

Admirers of conventional journalism have portrayed the conflict with new journalism as one of objectivity versus subjectivity and fact versus fiction. However, it is actually a conflict of a disguised perspective versus an admitted one, and a corporate fiction versus a personal one. In either case, journalism is necessarily an extension of all human perception and communication in its fictional (that is, shaping) quality. Because it is a product of the human mind and language, journalism can never passively mirror the whole of reality, but must instead actively select, transform, and interpret it. The problem with conventional journalism is that while it inevitably shares in these limitations (or opportunities), it nevertheless refuses to acknowledge

the creative nature of its "news," instead concealing the structuring mechanisms of its organizational mind behind masks of objectivity and fact. (4)

This essentially brings us back to the same problematic position as we have outlined above in the case of Hemingway's nonfictional works: how is then one to classify a text as "factual" or fictional. In order to resolve this critical dilemma, Hellmann proposes a theoretical framework.

Drawing upon Northrop Frye, he suggests that all writings should be classified as either "literary" or "assertive". He says, "If we accept Frye's definition of fiction as literary prose, then our division is properly between the fictional and the assertive" (21). According to him, this reformulation of the issues eliminates the unfortunate illusory separation of fictional and factual writing--illusory because it seems to separate aesthetic form and purpose from a certain subject-matter, i.e., "fact." Refuting Zavarzadeh's claim that all writings are monoreferential, he says that all writings are bireferential. In its inward reference, a text points to the verbal patterns that constitute it. In its outward reference, a text refers to outside itself. Therefore, both assertive and literary writings refer outward, just as they refer inward. Using the distinction proposed by Frye, Hellmann suggests that a text be characterized as assertive or fictional in terms of its final direction of reference. He says:

If the elements of a text are selected and arranged with regard to their relation to the external world, that text is finally assertive. If they are selected and arranged with regard to their relation to each other, a world is created by their relations in the text, making that text finally literary. In the former case, the finally assertive text may subsume elements which are in

themselves literary, resulting in a finally assertive text with literary texture. Or, in the latter case, the finally literary text may subsume elements which are in themselves assertive, providing a finally literary text with considerable assertive interest. (23-24)

Citing the examples of the Bible, Boswell's Life of Johnson and Declaration of Independence, Hellmann says that works such as these seem to call into question the above distinction, since they have been written with an assertive purpose and yet they are treated as literary. The Bible includes precepts; Life offers information about its subject; Declaration was written to proclaim American Independence and to set forth the principles and philosophy on which the new nation was founded. Hellmann says:

All three of these works, however, subsume their assertive aspects within a form giving them an interest and value beyond their direct relation to the external world to which their elements correspond. Each has been so constructed that the elements of the text create relations establishing an experience in the text. Thus these works have a literary value, a continuing experience and import available to readers whether or not their immediate subjects or purposes are of interest. (24)

Using the above theoretical framework, we can now classify a text as fictional or assertive and thus avoid the conventional system of classification based on rigid distinctions between "fact" and fiction. A work of history or a piece of journalism will be classified as assertive writing because the final direction in such a work is outward. A nonfiction novel will come under the category of "fiction," as Frye would call it (according to Frye, fiction is a work of art in prose), because it has an aesthetic form and purpose making its final direction inward. However rigorously "factual" in content a nonfiction novel is, its primary aim and achievement is an aesthetic one.

In a nonfiction novel the factual elements are chosen and organized in such a way that an aesthetic experience fusing the author's personal experience and interpretation of the subject is achieved. Hellmann says, "Each author transforms his journalistic subject into a living text so that the reader does not merely read about events, but participates in the author's personal experience and interpretation of them" (25). Citing the example of Norman Mailer's Armies of the Night, Hellmann says that we read Mailer's work not primarily for the "factual" information that it provides but for the experience and lessons to be acquired from participating in his intensely meditative journey through our times. A nonfiction novel is an aesthetic experience

embodying the result of [the] confrontation between external events and personal mind--a microcosmic selection, shaping, and interpretation of events of the macrocosm into a text, a construct representing not events but an individual consciousness's experience of them. (25-26)

Once we accept nonfiction novel as a genre of fiction, we then need to look at it from the point of view of its relationship to other kinds of fictional writing, i.e., realistic novel, romance, fabulist fiction, etc. In order to do this, Hellmann suggests that we should place all kinds of "assertive" writing on one spectrum and all kinds of fictional writing on another spectrum. Once we visualize all kinds of ultimately inward pointing writing as belonging to one spectrum, we can distinguish between them by looking at how they point outward. A realistic novel

points to an external world that appears to be like the actual world recognized as credible by most readers. In truth, this world is abstracted by the author from his observations of actual people and events, and then

concretized as characters and incidents either very close to or quite dissimilar from actual ones, but in any case never violating basic principles of plausibility or for the most part, altering actual details of milieu. (26)

For instance, Jake Barnes and Silas Lapham may or may not be modelled upon actual persons, but they appeal to us as realistic characters because in them we can identify certain recognizable types moving through a particular milieu of the actual world. We know that world beforehand from experience or from reading, but in no case our knowledge of it is derived from The Sun Also Rises (1926) and The Rise Of Silas Lapham (1884). The realistic novelist creates the illusion of reality. He tells the reader, "All this did not really happen, but it could have" (11). He, in short, establishes with the reader a contract based on the notions of plausibility and suspension of disbelief.

In the case of a romance, it

points to a world external to the text in which our observations of the actual world are abstracted, and then idealized, before being concretized as components of a finer and more perfectly shaped world than we can readily accept as actual. (26)

In the case of a fabulist fiction, it

points to a world external to the text in which observations of the actual are abstracted and radically altered, perhaps severely restricted or expanded or turned upside down, before being concretized as components of a world we know to exist only in the minds of the author and reader. (26)

In fact, even the most fantastic and fabulous world created by Borges or John Barth is not autonomous and self-contained, but point us outside the text, though to a drastically altered version of the actual world. For instance, in The Sotweed Factor (1960), John Barth creates the world of the colonial period but in an

inverted manner. It is no longer the picaresque adventures of the European who comes to America to seek his fortune, but the American who returns home to retrace his origins, or rather to unmake his fortune. Unlike the realistic novelist, the fabulist writer does not have to create an illusion of reality. He tells the reader, "I have abandoned the real, so I have only my imaginative creations to give you" (16). The fabulist needs to convince the reader only on the basis of the internal cohesion of his purely imaginary works. "He says, 'All this could never happen, so do not blame me if it does not seem real'" (11). The fabulist makes with the reader a contract based on the internal cohesion of the work.

In contrast to other genres of fiction, a nonfiction novel,

while pointing finally or ultimately inward, points outward toward the actual world without ever deviating from observations of that world except in forms--such as authorial speculations or fantasy--which are immediately obvious as such to the reader. To be more precise, the world pointed to is a journalistic one; it adheres to 'primary sources' of a first-hand nature, either the author's observations or his gathering of others' observations of events occurring around the time of authorship. (27)

For instance, in The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test, Tom Wolfe creates the world of Ken Kesey, the protagonist, in painstaking details, which the reader recognizes as the actual one. The nonfiction novelist tells the reader, "I have tied myself completely to the actual, but I can give it to you only as I have humanly, and thus imaginatively, experienced and recollected it" (16). He needs to convince the reader only on the basis of verifiable sources and his personal integrity. He says, "All this actually did happen, so do not blame me if it does not seem real"

(11). The contract which the nonfiction novelist makes with the reader is a journalistic one promising factuality. But then what about the historical novel which also points to a world based on an actual historical one. In fact, it is the journalistic contract which distinguishes a nonfiction novel from a historical novel. Because of remoteness in time and the secondary and limited nature of sources, the world pointed to in a historical novel involves a great deal of invention--detail, dialogue, usually entire scenes, etc.--if the text is to have sufficient texture to work as an experiential object. So, here the contract is not really a journalistic one.

So we can distinguish between nonfiction novel and other genres of fiction by the direction outside the text to which it points. Underlying this notion of direction outside the text is the contract or agreement between author and reader. This author-reader contract is of crucial importance in one's reading of the text. If a nonfiction novel is read by a reader who is unaware of its journalistic contract, it would be an altered aesthetic experience. In fact, if readers read nonfiction novels as realistic novels, many of them would seem so incredible as to collapse as aesthetic experiences, rejected by the readers as violations of the rules of plausibility and common sense laid down by the contract of realistic fiction. Since the journalistic contract is an essential condition for a nonfiction novel to be read as such, the author's integrity, efforts and talents as a journalist, as well as his ability to convey these traits become, therefore, a proper object of critical evaluation.

There are a number of ways in which the author makes a

convincing journalistic contract with the reader. The most effective way of doing this is to say so--to have the work labelled as nonfiction (hence, the critical confusion). Then with the help of the framing devices--foreword, afterword, epilogue, etc.--the author can explain that the book adheres completely to his own or others' observations. Then he can develop this into a detailed description of materials available to him or can place various documents and externally verifiable data within the text. Finally, through unusual self-revelations or other such devices, he can convince the reader of his honesty and integrity. If the reader begins to have serious doubts about the validity of the journalistic contract, the aesthetic effect is altered or lessened, then this should properly affect critical evaluation.

Finally, as we have argued that nonfiction novel like any other genre of fiction is primarily fiction, it should be evaluated as such, i.e., the method and effect of the aesthetic form. We can use in its evaluation the same concepts and standards of criticism as applied to other works of fiction so long as we keep in our mind the journalistic contract pointing to an actual world. For instance, contrary to the assertion made by Zavarzadeh that traditional notions of characterization and plot have no relevance in a nonfiction novel since it is about actual people and events, these notions remain valid. Refuting Zavarzadeh's claims, Hellmann says:

Any attempt by an author to put a living person on a page can result, because of the nature of language (indeed, of perception), only in a verbal construct--a character--that is comprised of the author's impressions of the living person and his inevitably interpretive selection and ordering of those impressions, and,

finally, his mediation of that interpretation through language. (30)

So a character while pointing to his counterpart in the actual world, belongs ultimately to the fictional world of the text. In the case of plot, while not altering or omitting the factual details, the author remains free to select, arrange, and interpret them.

So the standard critical terms and concepts for discussion of fiction remain valid and relevant even in the case of a nonfiction novel. Hellmann says:

Finally, the precise mode of new journalistic work may be realistic, surrealistic, naturalistic, parodic, ironic, romantic, or whatever. When we turn from the boundaries of a text described by generic definition to the possibilities described by mode, an author's version of the actual world as manifest through language and form in the text may create a pattern, without violating facts, fitting any of the terms above. (33)

Hellmann has, thus, provided us with a comprehensive theoretical and critical framework which enables us to see nonfiction novel as a genre of fiction with journalistic material as its subject-matter.

Though nonfiction novel is a product of historical conditions prevailing in the sixties and later, it is, as we have seen, similar in nature and conception to Hemingway's nonfictional works, i.e., they both combine "factual" subject-matter with fictional forms. Nonfiction novel also raises essentially the same concerns before critics as Hemingway's nonfictional works do -- distinction between literary and non-literary writings, relationship between "fact" and fiction, the nature of reality and its mimesis.

So we can adopt Hellmann's theory of nonfiction novel for

our study of Hemingway's nonfictional works and offer justification for their being classified as fiction without getting into fact-fiction debate which has prevented earlier critics from considering these works as fiction. In the subsequent chapters, we take up individual works for study in their chronological order. First, we examine the "factual" status of these works: whether Hemingway adheres to the journalistic author-reader contract in these works or not. Then, we examine and evaluate the various narrative strategies--narrative structure, symbols and images, irony, humor, dialogue, characterization, and so on--which Hemingway employs to create an aesthetic experience and make the text turn inward.

Chapter 2

TIP OF THE ICEBERG

In Ernest Hemingway's Death in the Afternoon we have a book that reads like a novel. Hemingway writes here on a subject after his own heart. Like fishing and hunting, bullfight means a great deal to Hemingway, who once wrote in a letter to Scott Fitzgerald, "To me heaven would be a big bullring with me holding two barrera seats and a trout stream outside that no one else was allowed to fish in..." (Letters 165). Aimed at increasing the reader's knowledge of the sport and thus increasing his appreciation for it, the book transcends the limits it sets upon itself. His passionate interest in the sport is reflected in the overall organization and structure of his narrative so much so that it is possible to read the book as a self-reflexive work of art. Death in the Afternoon is Hemingway's first book in a new genre, the genre which he progressively refines and improves in three of his subsequent works-- Green Hills of Africa, A Moveable Feast, and The Dangerous Summer. These books take the reader inside the house of fiction. The movement in the direction of the house of fiction is, as the present chapter attempts to show, clearly noticeable in the very first book in the genre, Death in the Afternoon.

Not very many critics have taken any notice of Death in the Afternoon and have taken the trouble to comment on it at length.

The few who have briefly discussed it sharply differ in their opinions on the book. Critical opinion is mostly turned to the subject-matter of the book. Contrary to the general view that bullfighting is a savage sport, full of cruelty and violence, Hemingway tries hard to show the elements of tragedy and ritual in it but he is not always successful in making his critics see it in the new light. In a review entitled, "Bull in the Afternoon," published in New Republic, Max Eastman argues that Hemingway's bull is "juvenile romantic gushing and sentimentalizing of simple facts" (72) about the brutal, shocking, and ignoble aspects of a bullfight. After exposing Hemingway's "posturings," Eastman moves, more menacingly, from Hemingway's literary to his personal faults and seems to question his sexual capacity:

It is of course a commonplace that Hemingway lacks the serene confidence that he is a full-sized man.... [He has] a continual sense of the obligation to put forth evidences of red-blooded masculinity.... [He has developed] a literary style, you might say, of wearing false hair on the chest. (176)

And more recently M. Norris, in an essay on Death in the Afternoon included in his book Beasts of Modern Imagination, calls Hemingway a "pornologist." He finds bullfighting a barbaric and savage game. What he finds particularly shocking and outrageous is Hemingway's attempt to defend it in the name of aesthetics. He writes:

Hemingway is enthralled not merely by violence, which could be found in purer, more spontaneous form in the town square capeas, but precisely by the mediated, formalized, acculturated violence of the corrida. It is this violence alone which allows him to play the sadist's part: that of the exponent of violence tricked out in the seemingly legitimate, cultural role of the art critic, who recognizes the aesthetic composition created by man and bull at the moment of killing; that of the scientist, who analyzes the psychology of

tormenting the bull into courage; and that of the pedagogue, who overcomes the ignorance and prejudice of his shrinking readers and brings them to an enlightened acceptance of violence. (201)

Robert Coates, in a review published in The New Yorker, admits that like most American readers he knows nothing and cares less about bullfighting and is bored by the exhaustive treatise. He calls Hemingway a romanticist "in his inability to accept the idea of death as the end and complement of life" (161). He says in conclusion:

To sum up, then: a strange book, childish, here and there, in its small-boy wickedness of vocabulary; bitter, and even morbid in its endless preoccupation with fatality. As far as momentary popularity goes, it seems almost a suicidal book in its deliberate flouting of reader and critic alike, and I feel sure that because of it Mr. Hemingway has let himself in for some hard panning from those who have been most hysterical in praise of him. (162)

There are critics who are not repelled by bullfighting and who think that Hemingway's book is a useful introduction to the sport. Jeffrey Meyers in his introduction to Hemingway: The Critical Heritage calls it a classic work on bullfighting and says that it "has influenced everything written on the subject since it appeared" (23). In Hemingway: The Writer as Artist Carlos Baker claims that it is quite likely the best work on bullfighting in any language. He further says, "It is a serious attempt to write a technical handbook of toreros, memorable (and not so memorable) corridas and the noble animals, in such a way as to instruct and interest the lay reader" (144).

As usual, some critics have taken interest in Death in the Afternoon because of an interest in the character and the personality of the reputed author. Granville Hicks finds it worth

reading only because of this reason. "If any one else had written the book," he says, "there would be little more to say; but because Hemingway ranks so high among contemporary novelists, and because more people will read the book because they are interested in Hemingway than will read it because they are interested in bullfighting..." (163-64). John Raeburn in "Death in the Afternoon and the Legendary Hemingway," claims that

it was much more than simply a technical manual of the mechanics and aesthetics of the bullfight; it was also a portrait of its author as he wished to appear to the public. It marked the beginning of Hemingway's vigorous self-advertisement of his personality, an activity which was to lead eventually to his enshrinement as a celebrity. It was, moreover, the first major work in a project that would occupy the novelist off and on for the remainder of his life: the creation of an adventure saga with himself as the hero. (244)

Similarly Robert W. Lewis in "The Making of Death in the Afternoon" says that the book is layered and is really about him, his love affair with Spain and all that passed between them, even though the necessary focus would be on bullfighting (39).

The most notable among those who have seen beauty and significance in Death in the Afternoon is Malcolm Cowley. In a review published in New Republic, he calls it "a Baedekar of bulls" that concerns "the art of living, of drinking, of dying, of loving the Spanish land" (165), for bullfighting symbolizes a whole nation and a culture extending for centuries into the past. He believes that for Hemingway bullfighting is "an emotional substitute for war" (166), and that his work is "an elegy to Spain and vanished youth" (169).

Ronald Weber is another critic who notes the literary quality and significance of Death in the Afternoon. Commenting on

the book, he says:

At one and the same time the book Hemingway envisioned had to be sufficient on the level of technical information and also interesting to readers who knew nothing about the subject. Even more, it had to possess permanent value. It had to be a factual work in the manner of a handbook yet possessed of literary quality. (46)

This, he suggests, Hemingway achieves by adopting a dual approach throughout the book, combining facts with feelings. "Throughout the book he [Hemingway] maintains an outer as well as an inner perspective that prevents him from being one with his material, wholly given over to a factual account. Fact is always colored with personality, charged with personal reaction" (47). Weber suggests that this dual perspective within the work lifts it beyond the pedestrian tones of a mere guide to bullfighting.

From the brief review of critical opinion on Death in the Afternoon, it can be seen that the book has not very many admirers. It may be noted that the literary aspect of the text has but received a perfunctory attention. There has been no serious attempt to show what makes it, in the first place, a literary text. Though the book contains detailed information about the Spanish bullfight, it is, according to me, a work that displays self-reflexivity of art.

It would be useful to start the discussion of Death in the Afternoon by first considering its story of composition and its factual dimension. Hemingway's lifelong romance with bullfighting and Spain began in April 1923 when he visited Spain with Bill Bird and Robert McAlmon. He took to bullfighting at once and a couple of months later wrote to his friend William D. Horne:

You'd be crazy about a really good bullfight, Bill. It isn't just brutal like they always told us. It's a great tragedy--and the most beautiful thing I've ever seen and takes more guts and skill and guts again than anything possibly could. It's just like having a ringside seat at the war with nothing going to happen to you. (Letters 88)

Although nothing like the book to follow nine years later, the two visits that year to Spain led to the writing of two articles for Toronto based Star Weekly: "Bull-Fighting Is Not a Sport--It Is a Tragedy" and "World's Series of Bull Fighting a Mad, Whirling Carnival." A visit to Spain became an annual ritual for him and as early as April 1925, in a letter to Maxwell Perkins, Hemingway was talking about his intention of writing a book on bullfighting: "I hope some day to have a sort of Doughty's Arabia Deserta of the Bull Ring, a very big book with some wonderful pictures" (Letters 156). Hemingway went on painstakingly collecting materials and photographs for his book during each visit in the subsequent years. Although bullfighting featured in the five of the miniatures of In Our Time (1925) and in the second part of The Sun Also Rises, he was not yet ready for his "Arabia Deserta of the Bull Ring." He knew that writing a classic took time as he wrote to Perkins: "But one has to save all winter to be able to bum in Spain in the summer and writing classics, I've always heard, takes some time" (Letters 156). And it was not until he wrote an article "Bullfighting, Sport and Industry" during December 1929 and January 1930 for the magazine Fortune that he turned his attention towards the writing of the book on bullfighting.

He started the composition of the book on the Nordquist

Ranch, Wyoming, during the summer of 1930. Initially the book progressed very slowly, but the pace picked up once the character of the Old lady was introduced. According to Carlos Baker, Hemingway had done close to 200 pages by 28 September 1930. He was planning to finish the first draft of the book by Christmas, but he got involved in a car accident on 1 November 1930 and broke his right arm. Hemingway was immobilized for the rest of the winter and spring. Carlos Baker suggests that at the time of the accident two chapters remained to be written. Just before Hemingway wrote these chapters, he undertook a revision of the earlier chapters. He wrote to Henry Strater on 10 December 1931, "Finished my book [Death in the Afternoon] except some hack work on the appendix. Think you'll like it--will get it copied in Key West and send to Max. Will have a copy for you to read" (Letters 345). The typed manuscript was delivered to Perkins towards the end of January 1932.

Some time after this Hemingway started revising and deleting certain parts of the book on the advice of John Dos Passos. He wrote to Dos Passos on 30 May 1932:

Have gone over the book 7 times and cut out all you objected to (seemed like the best to me God damn you if it really was) cut 4 1/2 galleys of philosophy and telling the boys--cut all of last chapter except the part about Spain--the part saying how it wasn't enough of a book or it would have had these things. That is OK. (Letters 360)

While Hemingway was undertaking these cuts, he was also having a running argument with Perkins over the number of pictures to be used, their placement and reproduction, and also over the use of certain four-letter words. Hemingway had planned to bring out a book lavishly illustrated with color photographs and to that

end he had spent the summer of 1931 and previous summers, painstakingly collecting pictures using his own funds. On his return from Spain after the summer of 1931, he handed over about 200 photographs to Perkins. But, later, citing the reasons of the economic recession and bad economy of bookselling, Perkins proposed to use only 16 illustrations and that, too, in black and white. Finally, they agreed on the publication of 64 pages of black and white pictures with captions, with the pictures placed at the end of the narrative.

Another argument was over the use of four-letter words which Hemingway insisted on retaining, saying they were absolutely essential from the point of view of the narrative. Perkins was afraid of the censors and finally after ascertaining legal opinion, they settled on leaving out the middle letters and indicating the number of letters omitted by using the same number of spaces.

Finally the book was published on 4 October 1932.

Hemingway takes much of the space in the book to show that bullfighting is a well-ordered ritual involving the certain death of the bull and a risk of death to the matador. Everything is well-ordered and well-planned, right from the beginning of the sport, from the matador's and cuadrilla's ride to the ring and the tension that builds up during the ride, the arrival of the president, the procession of the bullfighters, matador's sending of their capes to their friends, admirers, or distinguished personalities, the matador taking up his position in the burladero, and the president waving his handkerchief as a signal ?

to open the doors of the toril, where the bulls are waiting, to the moment of the killing of the bulls. Hemingway describes and explains every one of these stages in fascinating detail.

Next, Hemingway goes on to describe the three well-defined acts known as los tres tercios de la lidia. In the first act of bullfighting the bull charges the picadors; in the second act, banderillas are placed in the bull; and in the third act, killing takes place. There are three corresponding phases of the bull's condition in the fight--levantado, parado, and aplomado. In the first act, the bull is levantado when he charges wildly and freely in the general direction of any movement or disturbance. In the second act the bull is generally parado. After receiving punishment from the pics in the first act, he is slowed and he becomes cautious. He still possesses his strength, but aims his charges carefully. Hemingway explains the difference in the condition of the bull in the two phases as follows:

It is the difference between playing cards with an individual who, giving no importance to the game and having no sum at stake, gives no attention to the rules and makes the game impossible and one who having learned the rules, through having them forced on him and through losing; and now, having his fortune and life at stake, gives much importance to the game and the rules, finding them forced upon him, and does his best with utmost seriousness. It is upto the bullfighter to make the bull play and to enforce the rules. The bull has no desire to play, only to kill.... (132)

It is in the third stage when the bull is aplomado that he is killed. In this stage his speed becomes less than half of what it was at the beginning of the fight and his neck muscles become fatigued so that it is sufficiently lowered for the matador to kill him with his sword. The bull becomes very difficult to handle and kill when it develops querencia, natural or accidental.

While pointing out the overall structure and order of the sport, Hemingway describes in great detail the many niceties of the bullfight: how the banderilleros run the bull, how the matadors perform the veronicas with the cape, how the picadors slow the bull, change his tempo, and bring down the carriage of his head. He tells us how the emphasis has shifted from killing to capework in the modern bullfight. He also describes novilladas and capeas which take place in the countryside. These are amateurish bullfights in which aspiring or discredited matadors fight and the spectators also more often than not join the fights. He discusses in great detail the various malpractices and ills which have crept into the sport and brought about its recent downfall.

Hemingway not only discusses what happens in the bull ring, he also presents various other matters connected with the bullfight. For instance, he tells us about the difference between a fighting bull and a domestic bull, the difference between a bull and a cow, transportation of bulls from one place to another, the bulls which killed men and damaged property, breeding and raising of the bulls, testing of their bravery, the main strains from which most of the best of the present-day breeds of the bulls come, etc. He talks about the inspection of the bulls, selection of the bulls, and the sorting of the bulls before the fight and putting them in the order in which they are to be fought. He describes the lay-out of the bull-ring and gives instructions as to what seats one should select and how to buy tickets. He describes the bullfight season, places like Madrid, Aranjuej,

Valencia, and Ronda, where bullfights are held. He gives us the names of the places for staying and eating.

After the main text comes a series of excellent full-page photographs of bullfighters in action, including several which show the bull getting the better of it. There is also a long glossary of bullfighting terms, running to a nearly seventy pages, and at the end there is a calender of the principal bullfights of Spain and Latin America for the benefit of the tourists. A four-page note on Senor Franklin, the Brooklyn matador, completes the book.

Death in the Afternoon presents these facts not in the manner of a guidebook, but in the manner of a literary work. In the Bibliographical Note appended to the book, Hemingway writes that his book is "not intended to be either historical or exhaustive. It is intended as an introduction to the modern Spanish bullfight and attempts to explain that spectacle both emotionally and practically" (334). No one can miss the practical aspect of the book. In what follows, I would like to highlight its emotional and artistic aspects generally overlooked by critics. I would like to show how the author makes everything come alive on the page and how he brings to bear on his account of the bullfight his creative powers. In the presence of a delightful fare of art, what the book says seem to become unimportant--though it really doesn't, and, in fact, quite the opposite happens--and the book seems to turn upon itself to become an autonomous object of appreciation, in and for itself. The reader takes great delight in reading the book, as Hemingway must

have felt writing it.

Let us, for example, study Hemingway's treatment of the matter of violence and cruelty in the bullfight. As this has been the point of general attack on the sport, Hemingway takes it up at the very outset. He begins the book by saying, "At the first bullfight I ever went to I expected to be horrified and perhaps sickened by what I had been told would happen to the horses" (7). Notice how Hemingway expresses his reaction to the brutal aspect of the sport in an oblique and indirect manner. He could have put forward his view in a bare, simple, direct, transparent language, in words such as "Even at the first bullfight I went to I was not horrified or sickened...." Though this is what Hemingway's words amount to, he chooses to put the matter in an opaque way and nobody can miss what he gains by doing so. If Hemingway's statement does not completely win over the kind-hearted reader, it would, at least, soften his attitude towards the enthusiast of the sport. After conceding that there is much cruelty in the sport and striking a strong note of reasonableness, Hemingway writes, "I should not try to defend it now, only to tell honestly the things I have found true about it" (7). Whatever concession made is, thus, skillfully withdrawn to some extent, if not completely. Again, he strikes a note of conciliation and reasonableness and shows his readiness to concede the point of a critical reader when he says, "if those who read this decide with disgust that it is written by someone who lacks their, the readers', fineness of feeling I can only plead that this may be true" (7). This is immediately followed by a statement, bluntly cautioning the reader

against rashness: "But whoever reads this can only truly make such a judgment when he, or she, has seen the things that are spoken of and knows truly what their reactions to them would be" (7).

Hemingway develops his argument in such a fascinating way that his readers, including the ones critical of him, would like to closely follow his argument with keen interest and would like to know how Hemingway goes on to defend his enthusiasm for the sport. If a reader "has seen the things that are spoken of," and if he feels confident on this account to talk about the sport, he would certainly feel hesitant to claim that he knows truly what his reactions to them would be. It would surely occur to the reader how careless people including himself often are in their reactions to the world. Instead of pointing out the illogicality of the reactions of people and putting them in their proper places, Hemingway quotes an instance from his own life to prove the point. Once when Gertrude Stein was showing him pictures of the bullfights, he recalls having said that he did not like the bullfights because of the poor horses. Another situation he had recently encountered, more horrible than what is done to the horses in the ring, seemed to have evoked no such reaction from him. He had just come from the Near East, where Greeks broke the legs of their baggage and transport animals and shoved them off the quay into the shallow water when they abandoned the city of Smyrna. After this merciless self-exposure, Hemingway goes on to say:

I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing truly what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you

experienced. (8)

Nobody would want to quarrel with this statement, and no reader will now be averse to reexamine his reactions to the bullfight--it would, indeed, be stubborn on his part not to do so.

With the perfect knowledge of his reader's psychology, as an experienced matador the bull's, Hemingway, after preparing the reader to reexamine his reactions, brings him round most skillfully to his way of thinking, just as, to go back to the bullring metaphor, the matador manipulates his bull to meet its destined end. If violence and death are, according to the reader, what makes the bullfight indefensible, Hemingway says that they are precisely what draw him to the sport. He says he found the bullring the ideal subject when he was learning to write and working hard to get "the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion and which would be valid in a year or in ten years..." (8). Here was death of which no author had given a satisfactory account. All of them, according to him, only produced a blur, as if they were, at the crucial moment, shutting their eyes. After thus going into a history of his interest in the bullfight, Hemingway abruptly issues the long awaited statement in defence of the sport:

So far, about morals, I know only that what is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after and judged by these moral standards, which I do not defend, the bullfight is very moral to me because I feel very fine while it is going on and we have a feeling of life and death and mortality and immortality, and after it is over I feel very sad but very fine. (9)

A great psychologist of the human mind, Hemingway knows that his moral standards are likely to invite fierce and heated debate so

he forestalls discussion on the matter by saying, "... judged by these moral standards, which I do not defend...." The move made here by Hemingway is similar to the one a matador makes when, after increasing the amount of danger of death from the bull, he uses all his talent and skill to skirt it and protect himself from it.

Hemingway knows that his reader is of a different mind--though the reader is now willing to listen to the author--and he has to give a good deal of explanation how he happens to feel fine when he sees the bullfight whereas the reader feels disgusted. He cannot silence the reader by merely saying that the reader does not know truly what he feels. No self-respecting reader will take this insult. There are, after all, those poor horses for anybody to see. Like a master matador, Hemingway proceeds with his argument to the full satisfaction and enjoyment of even the reader prejudiced to the sport.

Coming back to the poor horses. The way Hemingway talks about them really makes them seem comic. In fact, he argues that the death of the bull is tragic and that of the horse is comic. He argues that the main plot of the bullfight concerns the bull. The action centering round the bull is the focus of the drama in the bullring. Well-defined and ordered, the action has the character of a ritual. Every stage of the action is sanctified by a long tradition and culture. Hemingway observes that the bullfight, seen in this light, is a moving experience like that produced by a tragedy.

What I have given is a bald summary of Hemingway's treatment of the horses in the bullring. He takes pains to stress, for

example, that a horse in the ring is not the same as a horse in the street. He confesses that he cannot see a horse down in the street without having it make him feel a necessity for helping the horse and that he has spread sacking, unbuckled harness and dodged shod hoofs many times and that he will again if he finds horses on city streets in wet and icy weather. He does not, however, feel any horror or disgust whatever at what happens to the horses in the bullring. Quoting from his observations of people's reactions to the fate of the horses in the bullring, he points out that they are so unpredictable that there is no way they can be divided by any standard of civilization or experience into those who were affected and those who were not affected. To expose the hypocrisy of the critics of the bullfight who claim moral superiority over those who enjoy the sport, he divides people into two groups, those who identify themselves with animals and those who identify themselves with human beings. He calls the former professional lovers of dogs and other beasts and says that they are "capable of greater cruelty to human beings than those who do not identify themselves readily with animals" (10). He further notes that those who do not identify themselves with animals, may

while not loving animals in general, be capable of great affection for an individual animal, a dog, a cat, or a horse for instance. But they will base this affection on some quality of, or some association with, this individual animal rather than on the fact that it is an animal and hence worthy of love. (10)

As for himself, he says he had a profound affection for three cats, four dogs, and two horses he owned, ridden, or driven. Injecting delightful humor into the discourse, he writes, "As for

horses that I have followed, watched race and bet on I have had profound admiration and, when I had bet money on them, almost affection for a number of these animals" (10-11). Giving the names of some of these horses, as if to prove his affection, he says, "I had great, great admiration for all of those animals, but how much of my affection was due to the sums I staked I do not know" (11). He speaks of the profound affection he felt for Uncas, one of the horses, when it won a classic steeplechase race at Auteuil at odds of better than ten to one. "But if you should ask me," Hemingway confesses, "what eventually happened to this animal that I was so fond of that Evan Shipman and I were nearly moved to tears when speaking of the noble beast, I would have to answer that I do not know" (11). In a footnote, he mentions that Mr. Shipman, having read this, informs him that Uncas after having broken down is now used as a hack. His comment on this information is "This news does not move me one way or another" (11).

After the thoroughly delightful demonstration of the absence of any simple correlation between morals, on the one hand, and horses, on the other, Hemingway gently puts forward his tragic and ritual theory of the bullfight and explains it beautifully in the following paragraph by comparison to music:

The aficionado, or the lover of the bullfight, may be said, broadly, then, to be one who has this sense of the tragedy and ritual of the fight so that the minor aspects are not important except as they relate to the whole. Either you have this or you have not, just as, without implying any comparison, you have or have not an ear for music. Without an ear for music the principal impression of an auditor at a symphony concert might be of the motions of the players of the double bass, just as the spectator at the bullfight might remember only the obvious grotesqueness of a picador. The movements

of a player of the double bass are grotesque and the sounds produced are many times, if heard by themselves, meaningless. If the auditor at a symphony concert were a humanitarian as he might be at the bullfight he would probably find as much scope for his good work in ameliorating the wages and living conditions of the players of the double bass in symphony orchestras as in doing something about the poor horses. However, being, let us suppose, a man of culture and knowing that symphony orchestras are wholly good and to be accepted in their entirety he probably has no reactions at all except pleasure and approval. He does not think of the double bass as separated from the whole of the orchestra or as being played by a human being. (14)

Note here that Hemingway does not vaguely refer to the musical comparison. To him a symphony concert is a many-sided activity. Reference is made to multiplicity of things here: to the instrument of bass, the grotesque movements of the players, the meaningless sounds produced by him, if heard by themselves, and above all, his wages and living conditions.

Though the comparison of bullfight with music, Hemingway conveys his sense of enjoyment of the art of the bullfight. As if not satisfied with the comparison, he tries to give a fuller idea of his sense of enjoyment by comparing it with wine, one of his major specialities. After pointing out that all explanation will be meaningless to one who has made up his mind about the moral wrongness of the bullfight and who will not go to see one for all the world, "just as people could refuse to drink wine which they might enjoy because they did not believe it right to do so" (15), Hemingway follows up his wine analogy:

The comparison with wine drinking is not so far-fetched as it might seem. Wine is one of the most civilized things in the world and one of the natural things of the world that has been brought to the greatest perfection, and it offers a greater range for enjoyment and appreciation than, possibly, any other purely sensory thing which may be purchased. One can learn about wines and pursue the education of one's palate with great

enjoyment all of a lifetime, the palate becoming more educated and capable of appreciation and you having constantly increasing enjoyment and appreciation of wine even though the kidneys may weaken, the big toe may become painful, the finger joints stiffen, until finally, just when you love it the most you are finally forbidden wine entirely. Just as the eye which is only a good healthy instrument to start with becomes, even though it is no longer so strong and is weakened and worn by excesses, capable of transmitting constantly greater enjoyment to the brain because of the knowledge or ability to see that it has acquired. Our bodies all wear out in some way and we die, and I would rather have a palate that will give me the pleasure of enjoying completely a Chateau Margaux or a Haut Brion, even though excesses indulged in in the acquiring of it have brought a liver that will not allow me to drink Richebourg, Corton, or Chambertin, than to have the corrugated iron internals of my boyhood when all red wines were bitter except port and drinking was the process of getting down enough of any thing to make you feel reckless. The thing, of course, is to avoid having to give up wine entirely just as, with the eye, it is to avoid going blind. But there seems to be much luck in all these things and no man can avoid death by honest effort not say what use any part of his body will bear until he tries it. (15)

The reader will get so engrossed with this discourse on wine that he is not likely to care where all this is going to lead him, at least as long as the discourse lasts. He lingers long on the ideas and words in the passage happy and content to be under no compulsion to exercise his mind over contentious issues.

Of course, there is no need to be apprehensive about the fate of the discussion on hand. Hemingway is, indeed, in full control of his argument. In what follows, he carefully mixes bullfight with wine and prepares a delirious drink, of words:

This seems to have got away from bullfighting, but the point was that a person with increasing knowledge and sensory education may derive infinite enjoyment from wine, as a man's enjoyment of the bullfight might grow to become one of his greatest minor passions, yet a person drinking, not tasting or savouring but drinking, wine for the first time will know, although he may not care to taste or be able to taste, whether he likes the effect or not and whether or not it is good for him. In

wine, most people at the start prefer sweet vintages, Sauternes, Graves, Barsac, and sparkling wines, such as not too dry champagne and sparkling Burgundy, because of their picturesque quality while later they would trade all these for a light but full and fine example of the Grandes cruses of Medoc though it may be in a plain bottle without label, dust, or cobwebs, with nothing picturesque, but only its honesty and delicacy and the light body of it on your tongue, cool in your mouth and warm when you have drunk it. So in bullfighting, at the start it is the picturesqueness of the paseo, the colour, the scene, the picturesqueness of farlos and molinetes, the bullfighter putting his hand on the muzzle of the bull, stroking the horns, and all such useless and romantic things that the spectators like. They are glad to see the horses protected if it saves them from awkward sights and they applaud all such moves. Finally, when they have learned to appreciate values through experience what they seek is honesty and true, not tricked, emotion and always classicism and the purity of execution of all the suertes, and, as in the change in taste for wines, they want no sweetening but prefer to see the horses with no protection worn so that all wounds may be seen and death given rather than suffering caused by something designed to allow the horses to suffer while their suffering is spared the spectator. But, as with wine, you will know when you first try it whether you like it as a thing or not from the effect it will have on you. There are forms of it to appeal to all tastes and if you do not like it, none of it, nor, as a whole, while not caring for details, then it is not for you. It would be pleasant of course for those who do like it if those who do not would not feel that they had to go to war against it or give money to try to suppress it, since it offends them or does not please them, but that is too much to expect and anything capable of arousing passion in its favour will surely raise as much passion against it. (15-16)

The sense of enjoyment Hemingway experiences in the bullring is vividly reflected in the warp and woof of his language so much so it is possible to study the language independently for its aesthetic beauty and significance. It is, however, in Hemingway's descriptions of the bullring action that he reaches his creative heights. Read the description below of a matador in the ring:

Cagancho is a gipsy, subject to fits of cowardice, altogether without integrity, who violates all the rules, written and unwritten, for the conduct of a matador but who, when he receives a bull that he has

confidence in, and he has confidence in them very rarely, can do things which all bullfighters do in a way they have never been done before and sometimes standing absolutely straight with his feet still, planted as though he were a tree, with the arrogance and grace that gipsies have and of which all other arrogance and grace seems an imitation, moves the cape spread full as the pulling jib of a yacht before the bull's muzzle so slowly that the art of bullfighting, which is only kept from being one of the major arts because it is impermanent, in the arrogant slowless of his veronicas becomes, for the seeming minutes that they endure, permanent.... Cagancho, can sometimes, through the marvellous wrists that he has, perform the usual movements of bullfighting so slowly that they become, to old-time bullfighting, as the slow motion picture is to the ordinary motion picture. It is as though a diver could control his speed in the air and prolong the vision of a swan dive, which is a jerk in actual life, although in photographs it seems a long glide, to make it a long glide like the dives and leaps we sometimes take in dreams. (17-18)

Death in the Afternoon is full of such descriptions. In

these descriptions, Hemingway recreates the action in words on the page. His words make us see, feel, and hear everything that goes on in the ring, clearly and vividly. An ordinary guidebook cannot come anywhere near it in giving the reader the feel of the thing. We have knowledge of the sport here, and, combined with it, the sensation and feeling associated with that knowledge. No simple and direct statement can render the feeling that goes with the action in the ring. Referring to the passage quoted above, Hemingway writes, "That is the worst sort of flowery writing, but it is necessary to try to give the feeling, and to someone who has never seen it a simple statement of the method does not convey the feeling" (18).

Oblique statements, interesting analogies, and poetic and rhythmic prose pervasive throughout Death in the Afternoon give it its self-reflexive and fictional quality. The technical narrative

similarly turns upon itself and becomes self-reflexive when Hemingway speaks from his own personal experience or refers to some anecdote to illustrate various aspects of the bullfight. Going beyond the scope and aim of informational prose, these accounts acquire self-relexiveness and resonate with meaning and significance. They amuse us, delight us, shock us, and move us, and produce an experience akin to the one produced by a work of art.

Explaining, for example, why a spectator should go to the novilladas or apprentice fights to really start to see bullfights, Hemingway recalls one of his own visits to a novillada and points out the mistakes of Domingo Hernandorena, the bullfighter, and the penalties that these mistakes carried. Hernandorena could not control the nervousness of his feet and his effort to be steady while his feet jittered him away out of danger was very funny to the crowd. Hemingway writes:

It was funny to them because many of them knew that was how their own feet would behave if they saw the horns coming toward them, and as always, they resented anyone else being in there in the ring, making money, who had the same physical defects which barred them, the spectators, from that supposedly highly paid way of making a living. (24)

As Hernandorena could not trust his legs to carry him slowly towards the bull and as he knew he could not stay in one place in the ring, he ran out toward the bull and dropped to both knees on the sand ten yards in front of the bull. Safe from ridicule in that position, Hernandorena spread the red cloth with his sword and jerked himself forward on his knees toward the bull and shook the cloth. Because he did not keep the cloth far enough forward from the body at the moment of the bull's charge, the bull reached

the man, threw him into the air like a bundle, his legs in all directions until he dropped to the ground. "As he stood up," Hemingway writes, adding to the vividness of the story, "I saw the heavy, soiled grey silk of his rented trousers open cleanly and deeply to show the thigh bone from the hip almost to the knee. He saw it too and looked very surprised and put his hand on it..." (22). Hemingway reports that Hernandorena received no sympathy, for he was a coward. It was cowardly on his part to have gone on his knees. People would have sympathised with him had he been gored--to be gored was honorable--in one of his nervous uncontrollable jerky retreats, which although they mocked, they knew were from lack of training, rather than for him to have gone down on his knees. The crowd had no more sympathy with him than with a suicide. The technical informative purpose of the narrative is thus slowly subordinated to some higher purpose. This becomes very clear when Hemingway, taking over from his reference to suicide, goes on to say:

For myself, not being a bullfighter, and being much interested in suicides, the problem was one of depiction and waking in the night I tried to remember what it was that seemed just out of my remembering and that was the thing that I had really seen and, finally, remembering all around it, I got it. When he stood up, his face white and dirty and the silk of his breeches opened from waist to knee, it was the dirtiness of the rented breeches, the dirtiness of his slit underwear and the clean, clean, unbearably clean whiteness of the thigh bone that I had seen, and it was that which was important. (23)

It is far from clear what it was that Hemingway found so important in the thing he saw. Whatever it was, he has effectively turned the narrative inward, and made it enjoyable to read for its own sake.

Take another instance where a similar inward movement occurs in the narrative. While explaining the capeas, the town square bullfights, Hemingway refers to a bull which was a great favorite in the province of Valencia and which had killed sixteen men and boys and badly wounded over sixty in the course of five years. After explaining the capeas, Hemingway, for no particular reason, returns to the bull and gives the following account:

The bull which killed the sixteen and wounded the sixty was killed in a very odd way. One of those he had killed was a gipsy boy of about fourteen. Afterwards the boy's brother and sister followed the bull around hoping perhaps to have a chance to assassinate him when he was loaded in his cage after a capea. That was difficult since, being a very highly valued performer, the bull was carefully taken care of. They followed him around for two years, not attempting anything, simply turning up wherever the bull was used. When the capeas were again abolished, they are always being abolished and re-abolished, by government order, the bull's owner decided to send him to the slaughter-house in Valencia, for the bull was getting on in years anyway. The two gipsies were at the slaughter-house and the young man asked permission, since the bull had killed his brother, to kill the bull. This was granted and he started in by digging out both the bull's eyes while the bull was in his cage, and spitting carefully into the sockets, then after killing him by severing the spinal marrow between the neck vertebrae with a dagger, he experienced some difficulty in this, he asked permission to cut off the bull's testicles, which being granted, he and his sister built a small fire at the edge of the dusty street outside the slaughter-house and roasted the two glands on sticks and when they were done, ate them. They then turned their backs on the slaughter-house and went away along the road and out of town. (27-28)

Nobody will be taken in by Hemingway's cool, matter-of-fact way and treat the passage as a piece of technical, informational writing. In fact, the passage adds hardly anything by way of useful information to the account of the capeas preceding it. What it does is to compel the reader to respond to Hemingway's art of describing disturbing and shocking details in a cool, matter-

of-fact way, something he so often does, like no other writer, in his short stories and novels. When we respond to it in this manner, we begin to see the larger significance of the story--the kind of world Hemingway is talking about, full of unmitigated revengefulness, cruelty, and violence.

The attempt to give a fictional dimension to the book becomes obvious when Hemingway introduces an Old lady at the beginning of chapter 7 and gives her a role in the narrative from chapter 7 through chapter 16. The Old lady is a delightful character. She interrupts the author/narrator with questions and comments, expresses her likes and dislikes in a forthright manner, and gives her views on men and morals forcefully. She seems to bring out the best in Hemingway. When the discourse on bullfight becomes dull and boring, she enters the scene and a lively discussion ensues between the author and the lady, the author doing most of the talking. The discussion starts on a word or a remark made by the author with reference to the bullfight, but it soon takes a fancy flight and touches on whatever seems to come its way, strictly relevant or not relevant to the original purpose. A reader eagerly looks forward to the dialogue, which occurs at the latter part of every chapter. He reads this part and enjoys it like any piece of literary art.

For instance in chapter 7, the narrator repeatedly uses the word "decadence" to describe the modern bullfight, but the lady bluntly says that she saw no decadence in the spectacle they observed earlier that day. This leads to a discussion on the

various implications of the word and the loose usage of words in general by people. The Old lady tries to stop the narrator, saying, "If you please, sir, I do not care for all this discussion of words. Are we not here to be instructed about the bulls and those who fight them?" (68). "If you so wish," says the author, but there is no stopping him from continuing his speech on words when he goes on to add, "but start your writer to talking of words and he will go on until you are wearied and wish he would show more skill in using them and preach less of their significance" (68). The Old lady seems exasperated by all this talk on words and asks the author, "Can you not stop then, sir?" (68). The author does stop his haranguing at her on words, but does not seem interested in returning to the subject of bullfight. He asks her, "Have you ever heard of the late Raymond Radiguet?" (68). The old lady replies, "I cannot say I have" (68). And this is encouragement enough for the author to go on talking about Radiguet, revealing the point of the anecdote only at the very end, perhaps, after driving the reader out of his wits:

Have you ever heard of the late Raymond Radiguet?

Old lady: I cannot say I have.

He was a young French writer who knew how to make his career not only with his pen but with his pencil if you follow me, madame.

Old lady: You mean?

Not exactly, but something of the sort.

Old lady: You mean he----?

Precisely. When the late Radiguet was alive he often wearied of the tenuous, rapturous and querulous society of his literary protector, Jean Cocteau, and spent the nights at an hotel near the Luxembourg Gardens with one of two sisters who were then working as models in the quarter. His protector was greatly upset and denounced this as decadence, saying, bitterly, yet proudly of the late Radiguet, *Bebe est vicieuse--il aime les femmes.* So you see, madame, we must be careful chucking the term decadence about since it cannot mean the same to all who read it. (68)

Though the old lady says that she is repelled by the story, she cannot conceal her hidden interest in it. When the author proposes to return to the bulls, she unabashedly asks what finally happened to the late Radiguet. Similarly, a reader cannot be blamed if he finds something strangely enticing in Hemingway's art. In chapter 9, after a similar discussion between the author and the old lady, the author, evidently reading the mind of the reader, says, "it may well be that we are talking horseshit" (87). It may very well be all nonsense, but is surely beautiful nonsense.

More often than not, Hemingway's beautiful nonsense is interspersed with words of profound truth, irony, and significance. There is no telling when the light-hearted, good-humored talk turns serious and becomes light-hearted again. When the old lady once asks him why bullfighters do not take precautions against contracting venereal diseases, the author delivers himself of the view on the subject as follows: "Madame, it is difficult. Truly it is not a thought that comes into the head of a man if he is well pleased. Even though a woman be a whore, yet if she be a good whore a man thinks well of her at the time and sometimes after" (94). As the discussion progresses, the old lady remarks, "It must be most dangerous then to be a man" (94). The author's witty reply to this is "It is indeed, madame, and but few survive it. 'Tis a hard trade and the grave is at the end of it" (94). However, the old lady wishes that the bullfighters did not get these illnesses. In a tragi-comic vein, the author comments:

Ah, madame, you will find no man who is a man who will not bear some marks of past misfortune. Either he has been hit here, or broken this or contracted that, but a man throws off many things and I know a champion at golf who never putted so well as with the gonorrhoea. (95)

When the old lady despairingly asks the author if there is no remedy to misfortunes of life, he expounds his views on life, death, and morality, all in one breath, not, of course, without thoughts of his immediate needs of physical nourishment:

Madame, there is no remedy for anything in life. Death is a sovereign remedy for all misfortunes and we'd do best to leave off all discoursing now and get to table. Within our time the scientists may well abolish these old diseases and we'll live to see the end of all morality. But meantime I would rather dine on suckling pig at Botin's than sit and think of casualties my friends have suffered. (95)

Belying Hemingway's optimism, the old diseases are very much with us even today, and, notwithstanding the existing principles of morality, they have, in fact, taken a demoniac shape, threatening the future of mankind. Anyway, the reader marvels at the way Hemingway brings within the compass of his art such diverse matters as life, death, disease, morality, and eating dinner. He feels touched and bemused at the same time.

Like a refrain in a song, death figures again and again in all these literary interludes. Whatever the subject of talk between the Old lady and the author, sooner or later death quietly sneaks in. It makes its appearance even in discussions of topics remote from it. For instance, the Old lady once asks the author to tell her about the love life of bulls. "Madame, you have come to just the man," says the author and goes on to give a statistical account of the sex life of the bulls. The lady is pleased with the account and compliments the author, saying, "No

one could say, sir, you place the facts in any but a straight forward Christian way and we find them most instructive" (110). When she expresses sadness to hear that monogamous bulls are taken away to the bullrings, the author brings up the matter of inescapable death:

Madame, all stories, if continued far enough, end in death, and he is no true-story teller who would keep that from you. Especially do all stories of monogamy end in death, and your man who is monogamous while he often lives most happily, dies in the most lonely fashion. There is no lonelier man in death, except the suicide, than that man who has lived many years with a good wife and then outlived her. If two people love each other there can be no happy end to it. (110)

Again when the Old lady wants to hear something "amusing yet instructive" (120) after a long technical exposition on the making of a bull, Hemingway gives her to read a story entitled "A Natural History of the Dead."

"A Natural History of the Dead" is a unified short story. Technical prose gives way here to artistic, literary prose. The transition from one realm to another is indicated clearly as the Old lady asks for an amusing and instructive story and the author gives her one to read. The fact that a transition takes place is stressed the way the story is introduced. Responding to the lady's request, the author says, "Madame, I have the very thing you need. It's not about wild animals nor bulls. It's written in popular style and is designed to be the Whittier's Snow Bound of our time and at the end it's simply full of conversation" (120). The lady replies, "If it has conversation in it I would like to read it" (120). What follows is given below:

Do so then, it's called--

A NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DEAD

Old lady: I don't care for the title.

Author: I didn't say you would. You may very well not like any of it. But here it is:

A NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DEAD (120)

The point is thus made amply clear that the reader has a short story before him, something which exists in and for itself. A detailed examination of the story is attempted here to bring out its beauty and significance.

Without the clear notice above, it would take the reader quite some time to realize that he is reading a story. For, a large part of the story is written in a technical style. Though the transition is formally announced, it seems as if it does not actually take place until after the first half of the story. The author writes this part from the point of view of a natural scientist. "It has always seemed to me," the author says beginning the story, "that the war has been omitted as a field of observations of the naturalist" (120).

What can explain this omission? Naturalists seem to the author to have written on every conceivable topic. The late W. H. Hudson has, for instance, given accounts of the flora and fauna of Patagonia; the Reverend Gilbert White has written on the Hoopoe on its occasional and not at all common visits to Selborne; and Bishop Stanley has authored Familiar History of Birds. "Can we not," the author writes, "hope to furnish the reader with a few rational and interesting facts about the dead? I hope so." (120)

One may legitimately ask why and how a naturalist's observations on the dead carry special significance. To drive home their special significance, the author narrates the story of a traveller called Mungo Park. Lost and hungry in the wilderness of a vast desert in Africa, Mungo Park was on the point of dying

when his eyes caught sight of a moss-flower of extraordinary beauty. Dwelling on the various parts of the wonderful flower, he felt strengthened in his faith, and, disregarding his hunger and fatigue, marched on to safety. In the paragraph below, the author dilates on the uses of the study of Natural History:

With a disposition to wonder and adore in like manner, as Bishop Stanley says, can no branch of Natural History be studied without increasing that faith, love and hope which we also, every one of us, need in our journey through the wilderness of life? Let us therefore see what inspiration we may derive from the dead. (121)

After thus establishing in a somewhat roundabout way the value of a Naturalist's observations, Hemingway goes on to make a naturalist-type of study of the dead. As in a battlefield, the next two or three pages are strewn with the dead. With the wonder and adoration of a naturalist at the sight of a rare plant or animal or bird, Hemingway compiles a long catalogue of the dead he has seen, which includes dead mares, mules, horses, women, and men. Undeterred by the horror and the tragedy of the sights and scenes and with the keen observation characteristic of a naturalist, he makes a detailed study of his specimens. Read the following paragraph on the dead mules:

Most of those mules that I saw dead were along mountain roads or lying at the foot of deep declivities whence they had been pushed to rid the road of their encumbrance. They seemed a fitting enough sight in the mountains where one was accustomed to their presence and looked less incongruous there than they did later, at Smyrna, where the Greeks broke the legs of all their baggage animals and pushed them off the quay into the shallow water to drown. The numbers of broken-legged mules and horses drowning in the shallow water called for a Goya to depict them. Although speaking literally, one can hardly say that they called for a Goya, since there has only been one Goya, long dead, and it is extremely doubtful if these animals, were they able to call, would call for pictorial representation of their

plight but, more likely, would, if they were articulate, call for someone to alleviate their condition. (121-22)

The bodies of the dead women are accounted for as follows:

We found and carried to an improvised mortuary a good number of these and, I must admit frankly, the shock it was to find that these dead were women rather than men. In those days women had not yet commenced to wear their hair cut short, as they did later for several years in Europe and America, and the most disturbing thing, perhaps because it was the most unaccustomed, was the presence and, even more disturbing, the occasional absence of this long hair. (122)

Fragments of the dead are not passed over, but collected piece by piece:

I remember that after we had searched quite thoroughly for the complete dead we collected fragments. Many of these were detached from a heavy, barbed-wire fence which had surrounded the position of the factory and from the still existent portions of which we picked many of these detached bits which illustrated only too well the tremendous energy of high explosive. Many fragments we found a considerable distance away in the fields, they being carried farther by their own weight. (122)

Reminding the reader of his naturalist's mode of observation and presentation, Hemingway proceeds to take a closer look at the dead:

Until the dead are buried they change somewhat in appearance each day. The colour change in Caucasian races is from white to yellow, to yellow-green, to black. If left long enough in the heat the flesh comes to resemble coal-tar, especially where it has been broken or torn, and it has quite a visible tarlike iridescence. The dead grow larger each day until sometimes they become quite too big for their uniforms, filling these until they seem blown tight enough to burst. The individual members may increase in girth to an unbelievable extent and faces fill as taut and globular as balloons. (123)

Hemingway makes the following observations how people die:

The first thing that you found about the dead was that, hit badly enough, they died like animals. Some quickly from a little wound you would not think would kill a rabbit. They died from little wounds as rabbits die

sometimes from three or four small grains of shot that hardly seem to break the skin. Others would die like cats, a skull broken in and iron in the brain, they lie alive two days like cats that crawl into the coal bin with a bullet in the brain and will not die until you cut their heads off. Maybe cats do not die then, they say they have nine lives, I do not know, but most men die like animals, not men. (124-25)

Hemingway, thus, looks steadily and unflinchingly at the dead lying scattered in the battlefield the same way Mungo Park looked at the moss-flower in the African desert. As he goes on with his account of the dead in the strain of a naturalist historian, an unsophisticated reader may wonder if the author has forgotten about his promise to the Old lady that he would tell her a story. The Old lady speaks in behalf of the reader, as it were, and in her own behalf, when, after some six pages of musings on the dead, she asks the author, "When does the story start?" (126). Though the author replies that she will soon have the story, the story has really been well under way right from the start. No serious reader can go through the account of the dead without being deeply affected by horror and the tragedy of the scenes and sights that are depicted. Instead of taking the sting out of it, the cool, detached, and detailed scientific exposition makes things all the more painful. The story begins to work on the reader when his attention is drawn to the lack of fit between the matter on hand and the manner of treatment, which gives the narrative its power and appeal.

The "story" proper, once begun, moves briskly until it comes to an abrupt end. The locale is a snowy mountain. The dead lie outside the dressing station on the side that is protected by the mountain from shelling. They are carried into a cave that has

been dug into the mountain-side before the earth freezes. In this cave a wounded man lies with the dead for two days and a night. His head is broken by a piece of broken steel, but he is still breathing. The stretcher-bearers ask the doctor to go in and have a look at him. After the doctor looks at him the second time, he believes that the man is still alive. The stretcher-bearers know that there is no hope for the man, but they feel bad to have among the dead a soldier who is not yet dead. They remind the doctor that the soldier is still alive. What can the doctor be expected to do? Are the stretcher-bearers afraid of a living man in the company of the dead? Should he be carried out and placed among the wounded? Wouldn't he then soon have to be carried back into the cave? "We wouldn't mind that, Captain Doctor," say the stretcher-bearers. Tired and his eyes swollen from from tear gas, the doctor however refuses them permission to remove the man from the cave as he sees the pointlessness of it all. An artillery officer who is waiting to have a wound in the arm dressed suggests the administration of an overdose of morphine. The small supply of morphine with the doctor is needed by him to operate the wounded and cannot be wasted on a man sure to die. The doctor says to the artillery officer, "You have a pistol, go out and shoot him yourself" (127). The officer says that he has been shot already and thinks that if some of the doctors were shot they would be different. While this conversation is in progress, the stretcher-bearers rush in obviously to solicit the doctor to look up the dying man. Before they have time to open their mouth, the doctor orders them out. The artillery officer declares that he will shoot the fellow and that he will not let him suffer. The

doctor threatens him that he will report on the artillery officer if he does so. "You are not a human being," says the artillery officer. And the doctor replies, "My business is to care for the wounded, not to kill them. That is for gentlemen of the artillery" (128). After a few more of such thrusts and counter-thrusts, the artillery officer menacingly advances towards the doctor, abusing him, his mother, and his sister. The doctor tosses the saucer full of iodine in the officer's face. The artillery officer fumbles for his pistol, but the doctor trips him, and as he falls to the ground, kicks him several times and picks up the pistol. The lieutenant curses the doctor and threatens him that he would kill him as soon as he can see. The doctor calls in the sergeant and asks him to wipe out the artillery officer's eyes with alcohol and water. The artillery officer shouts that he will not be touched. The doctor asks the sergeant to hold the officer tight and says that he is in a delirious state. The story concludes as follows:

"You won't touch me."

"Hold him tight. He is a little delirious."

One of the stretcher-bearers came in.

"Captain Doctor."

"What do you want?"

"The man in the dead-house--"

"Get out of here."

"Is dead, Captain Doctor. I thought you would be glad to know."

"See, my poor lieutenant? We dispute about nothing. In time of war we dispute about nothing."

"F--k you," said the lieutenant of artillery. He still could not see. "You have blinded me."

"It is nothing," said the doctor. "Your eyes will be all right. It is nothing. A dispute about nothing."

"Ayee! Ayee! Ayee!" suddenly screamed the lieutenant. You have blinded me! You have blinded me!"

"Hold him tight," said the doctor. "He is in much pain. Hold him very tight." (128-29)

For all practical purposes, this is an appropriate ending, though the Old lady does not seem particularly pleased with it.

Whatever may one think of the beginning and the end, there is no question that the last part of the story is one of the finest specimens of fictional art. Hemingway writes here as if his steady observations of the dead have fired his imagination, just as Mungo Park's consideration of the various parts of the moss-flower his faith. Practically without saying anything by way of authorial comment or description, in sharp contrast to the presentation in the preceding section, Hemingway creates a self-complete world by means of conversation. Not only do the words and behavior of the speakers tell us a whole lot about their feelings and concerns and state of their mind, they also throw light on those of others. So rich are the implications of what they say and do that their full meaning defies easy elucidation. It would, for instance, require a careful study to notice that, despite the differences of speech and manners of the actors in the dramatic scene, they are all united in their concern for the dying man. The artillery officer is, of course, loud and clear in his articulation of his concern, and his later violent behavior stems from his feeling for the dying man. The stretcher-bearers hardly, however, speak, but the few words they do and their frequent interruptions of the doctor are an eloquent expression of their anguish. For all the show of callousness and indifference, the doctor is not without feeling for the dying man. All of them are in a state of war delirium, but their hearts beat in sympathy for the dying man. Destroyer of life, war cannot destroy human sympathy. Hemingway's imagination brings him to a vision of

indestructible human feelings. Studying thus the implications of the language of Hemingway's presentation, a reader enters a self-enclosed world of beauty and truth, beyond the smell and stink of the dead mares, mules, horses, women and men. On occasions such as "The Natural History of the Dead," Hemingway surely goes beyond the head of the Old lady. Her reactions to the beginning of the story, its end, its theme, here as elsewhere, bear ample testimony to her lack of appreciation of the finer aspects of literature. She no doubt spurs Hemingway's imagination, but she cannot go wherever his imagination leads him. He cannot also carry her along with him. He will certainly not remain content using his talents only to entertain her. In a situation like this, Hemingway seems to suggest that a writer must go ahead with his job unmindful of the likes and dislikes of the common reader. He drops the Old lady in the sixteenth chapter, which may be his way of telling that there cannot be any meaningful collaboration between a writer and a common reader.

As has been observed, the dynamics of the writer-reader relationship may have been at the back of Hemingway's mind when he created the character of the Old lady. It is also possible that the poor horses in the bullring may have given him the idea of the character and the situation arising out of the character. Significantly, the following paragraph announcing the departure of the Old lady also mentions horses, perhaps, to suggest the association between the two:

What about the Old Lady? She's gone. We threw her out of the book, finally. A little late you say. Yes, perhaps a little late. What about the horses? They are what people always like to talk about in regard to the

bullfight. Has there been enough about horses? Plenty about the horses, you say. They like it all but the poor horses. Should we try to raise the general tone? What about higher things? (169)

Remember, the horses are, according to Hemingway, the comic part of the bullfight. Tragedy is centered in the bull and the matador. Like the horses in the bullring, the Old lady is the source of much comedy in Death in the Afternoon. Like the horses, she retires from the scene and lets Hemingway go on with his account of the killing of the bull.

Nowhere does Hemingway make his analogies explicit. They lie, in fact, beneath the surface of the text like the iceberg in water. What he does here, as elsewhere, as a writer may have prompted him to make the following characterization of a writer:

If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an iceberg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water. (171)

A careful analysis of Death in the Afternoon reveals that it has a structure of a work of art. Hemingway structures his materials in terms of one or the other analogy or metaphor. Chapters 1 through 16 are, metaphorically viewed, a preparation for the killing of the bull in the ring. These chapters cover diverse aspects of the sport preparatory to killing and bring the reader to the climactic action of killing. In chapters 17 through 19 Hemingway adopts a distinct language and tone appropriate to the tragic occasion. No more nonsensical talk, no more stories, no more comedy, and no more place for the Old lady without

literary sophistication and training during the final moments of tragic glory.

In these chapters Hemingway's keenness of observation and appreciation of the art of bullfight comes out most clearly in his vivid description of the placing of the banderillas in the withers of the bull, the using of the muleta to place the bull in the position for killing, and the thrusting of the sword between the bull's shoulder blades. As words and syntax seek to capture the fast-moving and breathtaking action of the sport, they acquire an unusual beauty and significance of their own. They exhibit the kind of beauty a matador displays in his hand work, foot work, and body movements. Hemingway's famous standard staccato prose here gives way to long rhythmic sentences. The following passages, selected at random, exemplify the beauty of Hemingway's descriptive art:

Now placing the banderillas is a part of the regular repertoire of all matadors who have the necessary physique and who have taken the time to learn to banderilllear well. In the preparation of the bull alone, sometimes drawing the bull on by running backwards in zig-zags, these sudden shifts of direction being the defence of a man on foot against the bull, seeming to play with him while they place him where they want him, then challenging him arrogantly, walking steadily and slowly toward him and then when the charge comes either awaiting it or running in to meet it, a matador has an opportunity to impress his personality and his style on all that he does in this third of the fight. (176)

The greatest pass with the muleta, the most dangerous to make and the most beautiful to see is the natural. In this the man faces the bull with the muleta held in his left arm, the sword in his right, the left arm hanging naturally at his side, the scarlet cloth dropping in a fold over the stick that supports it and which the man holds as you see in the picture. The man walks towards the bull and cites him with the muleta and as he charges the man simply sways with the charge, swinging his left arm ahead of the bull's horns, the man's body following

the curve of the charge, the bull's horns opposite his body, the man's feet still, he slowly swings his arm holding the cloth ahead of the bull and pivots, making a turn of a quarter-circle with the bull. If the bull stops the man may cite him again and describe another quarter of a circle with him, and again, and again, and again. I have seen it done six successive times; the man seeming to hold the bull with the muleta as though by magic. If the bull instead of stopping with the charge, and what stops him is a final flick the man gives the lowest end of the cloth at the end of each pass, and the great twist that has been given his spinal column through the curve the matador has forced him to describe in bending him around, turns and recharges, the man may get rid of him by a pase de pecho, or pass past the chest. This is the reverse of the pase natural. Instead of the bull coming from in front and the man moving the muleta slowly before his charge, in the pase de pecho the bull, having turned, comes from behind or from the side, and the man swings the muleta forward, lets the bull go past the man's chest and sends him away with the sweep of the folds of scarlet cloth. The chest pass is the most impressive when it completes a series of naturals or when it is forced by an unexpected return and charge of the bull and is used by the man to save himself rather than as a planned manoeuvre. The ability to execute a series of naturals and then to finish them off with the chest pass mark a real bullfighter. (185)

These are the mechanical principles of the two ways to kill bulls properly; either the bull must come to and pass the man, cited, drawn on, controlled and going out and away from the man by a movement of the muleta while the sword is being inserted between his shoulders; or else the man must fix the bull in position, his front feet together and his hind feet square with them, his head neither too high nor too low, must test him by raising and lowering the cloth to see if he follows it with his eyes and then, with the muleta in his left hand and making a cross in front of him so that if the bull follows it he will pass to the man's right, go in towards the bull and as he lowers his head after the cloth which is to guide him away from the man, put the sword in and come out along the bull's flank. (208-09)

It is in the closing chapter of the book that Hemingway reaches the height of his creative powers in the lyrical evocation of Spain. In a letter to Hemingway Arnold Gingrich highly praised the last chapter of the book. To which Hemingway replied, "Am glad you liked the last chapter in the last book [Death in the

Afternoon]--it is what the book is about but nobody seems to notice that. They think it is just a catalogue of things that were omitted" (Letters 378). Initially the last chapter opened with his evaluation of the personal experiences that sent him to Spain and his reflections on the difficulties about writing about Spain, his being an expatriate American writer. But he gets round this problem of writing about Spain by claiming that "Because Spain and American West share a common physical identity, the American writer can rediscover his own country in Spain" (Beegel 59). He excised these passages on advice of John Dos Passos (For details, see Susan F. Beegel's "The Excellence of the Stuff Cut Out: A Discarded Passage from Death in the Afternoon"). In the published section Hemingway emphasizes the transience of everything and inevitability of change and loss:

Pamplona is changed, of course, but not as much as we are older. I found that if you took a drink that it got very much the same as it was always. I know things change now and I do not care. It's all been changed for me. Let it all change. We'll be all gone before it's changed too much and if no deluge comes when we are gone it still will rain in summer in the north and hawks will nest in the Cathedral at Santiago and in La Granja, where we practised with the cape on the long gravelled paths between the shadows; it makes no difference if the fountains play or not. We never will ride back from Toledo in the dark, washing the dust out with Fundador, nor will there be that week of what happened in the night in that July in Madrid. We've seen it all go and will watch it go again. (244)

Hemingway knows that like everyone, he too will carry these secrets to his grave and they will be lost into oblivion. But he also knows that one antidote to this transience is writing which has the ability to make things permanent and of lasting value. With this purpose in mind, he sets out to capture the vanishing heart of Spain:

The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after. Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly. The thing to do is work and learn to make it. No. It is not enough of a book, but still there were a few things to be said. There were a few practical things to be said. (244)

He is aware of the fact that any attempt to capture the experience in its entirety is doomed to be a failure and so he is satisfied with his attempt, even if it is "not enough of a book." The part about the bullfighting represents the missing whole; "the tip of the iceberg does suggest the unwritten seven-eighths below" (Beegel 64).

Chapter 3

HIGHLANDS OF AFRICA

Unlike many novels, none of the characters or incidents in this book is imaginary. Any one not finding sufficient love interest is at liberty, while reading it, to insert whatever love interest he or she may have at the time. The writer has attempted to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of the country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination.

-- Ernest Hemingway, Foreword to Green Hills of Africa

Green Hills of Africa is an experimental work which, while adhering closely to the "factual" details of the hunting expedition, is transformed by narrative imagination into a work of fiction. It comes to represent an exercise in the exploration of the narrator's self. In perceiving the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action through narrative imagination, Hemingway perceives the shape and pattern of his own life in an experiential world.

Except for changing the names of some of the characters in the safari--Charles Thompson, his friend from Key West, becomes Karl, Philip Percival, the white hunting guide, is Pop or J.P., Pauline Hemingway becomes P.O.M., Ben Fourie, the assistant white hunter, becomes Dan, and Hans Koritschoner, the Austrian, is Kandinsky--Hemingway does not alter the "factual" details concerning the safari. Green Hills of Africa is based on a hunting expedition to Tanganyika which Hemingway undertook in 1933-34. Hemingway had been planning this trip for a long time.

Initially Archibald Macleish, Henry Strater, and Charles Thompson were to accompany him on this trip, but for various reasons, Macleish and Strater bowed out. Pauline's uncle, Gus Pfeiffer had agreed to put up \$ 25,000 for the proposed safari. Accompanied by Pauline and Charles Thompson, Hemingway embarked on the ship SS General Metzinger at Paris in November 1933. They reached Nairobi on 10 December 1933.

In Nairobi, through Tanganyika Guides Limited, they met the legendary Philip Percival who consented to act as their guide during the four-month hunting trip. Five days before Christmas, the party set off for the Serengetti Plains. They drove with a black driver, two black gunbearers, and a white assistant hunter in a doorless, box-bodied motorcar, while two trucks carrying camping equipment followed them.

Serengetti offered Hemingway a pleasant surprise. Nothing that Hemingway had ever read in the books on Africa had given him an adequate idea of the beauty of East Africa or of the quantity of its game. Here was a vast lush green country teeming with wild beasts and other grazing creatures which, according to the official estimate, numbered around three million. Following and living off them were numerous beasts of prey--lions, spotted hyenas, and jackals. In two weeks and three days of shooting, the party had killed a roan antelope and numerous eland, waterbuck, and gazelles, besides destroying thirty-five hyenas. They shot down two big leopards and one cheetah. They also took their quota of four lions.

In early January Hemingway fell ill with amoebic dysentery

which he suspected to have contracted while crossing the Red Sea. He continued to hunt, but soon his condition deteriorated so rapidly that he had to be evacuated and taken to Arusha for medical treatment. While confined to bed, he wrote an article, "A.D. in Africa: A Tanganyika Letter," for the Esquire. After recovering from the illness, Hemingway rejoined the safari, which, in the meanwhile, had moved to the south of Ngorongo in the vicinity of the Rift Valley and Lake Manyara. Hemingway, along with Charles Thompson, hunted and shot rhinoceros, buffalo, kudu, and sable, and spent nearly every evening chatting and drinking whiskey with the White hunter, Percival, in front of the campfire. They went back to the Kenya coast for sailfishing when the rains arrived in February.

Immediately after returning to Key West from the safari expedition, Hemingway decided to write an account of their last month in Africa before the onset of the seasonal rains. The composition of the book began sometime in April 1934. The working title was "Highlands of Africa" with the subtitle "Hunters are Brothers." Hemingway and Perkins had initially decided to bring out a collection of short stories with this story in the lead. By the end of April 1934, Hemingway had written 50 pages, but he found some of it so bad that he decided to discard 30 pages of it. The part that he retained was about his meeting with Hans Koritschoner and their conversation by camp-fire, and more talk the next day at lunch time. The story progressed steadily and on 25 May 1934, Hemingway wrote to Arnold Gingrich, "Am on the 59th page of along story in which am very interested. Looks as though it would be considerably longer" (Letters 404). And longer it

grew. According to Carlos Baker, by 20th of June, he had reached 150th page and by 20 August 1934 he had completed 23,000 words. After his fishing trip to Cuba during which the writing went very slowly, he returned to Key West in early September and started writing at a steady pace. In a great spurt of energy he wrote 22 pages on 10th of September, 30 on 11th of September, and 20 on 12th of September. After this he went back to Havana for marlin fishing. He returned to Key West on 26th of October and started working on the story again. On 16 November 1934 he completed the story. He wrote to Arnold Gingrich on 16 November 1934, "Finished the long book this morning, 492 pages of my handwriting" (Letters 410). He also wrote to Perkins about having finished the story and gave the manuscript to Jane Armstrong for typing. In a letter to Hemingway written on 28 November 1934, Perkins suggested that Hemingway should modify the title by adding "In" at the beginning. He wrote that

[In the Highlands of Africa] would imply something that happened, or things that happened there. Without the "In" as a title alone, it might be what they call a "travel" book.... The title suggests a great deal to me, and all I want to do to it is to get in something that makes it seem as if it were a story. (Hemingway Collection, JFK Library)

In the same letter Perkins argues for the story to be published by itself rather than with other stories, a suggestion which Hemingway accepted. Sometime in January Hemingway had settled upon a new title "Green Hills of Africa." The serialization of the book was to begin in the May issue of Scribner's Magazine and run through the October issue. The book was to be published on 25 October 1935. For the serialization, Edward Shenton provided

decorative illustrations of animals. Hemingway divided the whole narrative into three parts and he also gave chapter titles to each chapter. Besides he also provided a humorous list of characters. For the book version, Hemingway insisted on taking out the list of characters and the chapter titles, leaving in just the tripartite division. He afterwards made it into four parts. Then there remained the problem of pictures. Perkins wrote to Hemingway:

The thing that has troubled me is what I spoke of yesterday,--that the book has the quality of an imaginative work,--is something utterly different from a mere narrative of an expedition.... Just the same, it has also the value to hunters and people who care for adventure, of a factual record. It tells so much about animals and the way things are in Africa, and about shooting and hunting.--This value it has as a record is enhanced by photographs, but the other and greater value, is injured by photographs. I therefore wondered if we could not put the photographs at the end of the book, except for a frontispiece. We could use sixteen of them that way, and I hoped that you might write long captions for each one which would be aimed at the people who would value the book as a record, and as telling about animals and hunting. (Hemingway Collection, JFK Library)

To which Hemingway's response was that since he had already made pictures with his prose, there was no need for the pictures. He further said that besides, in Death in the Afternoon, he had already set a standard for pictures, and the new book, if it were to have pictures must beat that standard. Finally, it was decided to have drawings of animals by Edward Shenton at the beginning of each part and each chapter. The book was finally published on 25 October 1935.

The publication of Green Hills of Africa did not exactly warm the hearts of critics and reviewers. It rather reinforced their belief that since the publication of Death in the Afternoon,

Hemingway's career had been going downhill. Left-wing reviewers like Granville Hicks and Edmund Wilson attacked Hemingway for avoiding serious issues of life, and concerning himself with trivial issues.

In a review article published in New Masses, Granville Hicks expresses his disappointment with Hemingway, who has, according to him, not produced a book worthy of his talents in the last six years since the publication of A Farewell to Arms (1929). He comes down very heavily on Hemingway for writing Green Hills of Africa. He says:

The autobiographical preface is advisable, for what I have to say about Green Hills of Africa is that it is the dulllest book I have read since Anthony Adverse.... The rest of the book is plain dull. Hunting is probably exciting to do; it is not exciting to read about.... After a good deal of thinking about why the book is dull, the only reason I can see is its subject-matter. On page 148-50, Hemingway has a very long sentence-- which proves that he does not have to write short ones and that, I suspect, is what it is intended to prove.... It is a perfectly honest book, and that is why I think it is dull because the subject is dull.... The only possible comment is that though [bullfighting and hunting] may be important to Hemingway, they aren't to most people. The proof is in the response to Death in the Afternoon and Green Hills of Africa. Since they are, it seems to me, as good books as are likely to be written on bullfighting and hunting, the trouble must be with the subjects. (214)

Expressing a similar view as Granville Hicks, Edmund Wilson calls Green Hills of Africa "certainly far and away his weakest book, in fact the only really weak book he has written" (216). Finding fault with Hemingway's subject-matter, Wilson says that Hemingway is losing interest in his fellow men (he wants only to kill animals) and "has become progressively more sterile and less interesting in proportion as he has become more detached from the

great social issues of the day" (217). Talking about the application of the techniques of fiction to factual subject-matter, Wilson says:

The sophisticated technique of the fiction writer comes to look artificial when it is applied to a series of real happenings; and the necessity of sticking to what really happened prevents the writer from supplying the ideal characters and incidents which give point to a work of fiction. Green Hills of Africa is thus an instructive experiment: it brings out very clearly the difference between actual experience and the imaginary experience of fiction, but it is a warning of reefs to steer clear of. (216)

Bernard DeVoto is less critical than Hicks and Wilson, but he also finds the book dull and boring. He says:

Green Hills of Africa cannot compete with his works of the imagination. It is not exactly a poor book, but it is certainly far from a good one. The trouble is that it has few fine and no extraordinary passages, and long parts of it are dull. And being bored by Ernest Hemingway is a new experience for readers and reviewers alike. (210-11)

Carlos Baker, the eminent Hemingway scholar, recognizes Green Hills of Africa as a work of art and claims that it can certainly compete with a work of fiction. But he finds Hemingway's determination to stay with "facts" somewhat an inhibiting factor. He says:

The Green Hills of Africa (sic) rises above the status of a "noble experiment" and becomes in its own right a work of art. Yet, if one compares the book with such novels as A Farewell to Arms and For Whom the Bell Tolls, the lower stature of The Green Hills (sic) is evident enough. For even in the hands of a skilled writer, the unvarnished truth can rarely equal in emotional intensity a fictional projection of that truth. To accept in any "absolute" sense the obligation of portraying non-fictional events precisely as they happened is to fetter the imagination, to limit, perhaps fatally, the novelist's comparative freedom of movement in and through his materials. Because of these fetters and limits, however cheerfully Hemingway assumes them for experimental purposes, the non-fiction book about Africa can not fairly stand comparison with the novel of

Claiming Green Hills of Africa to be the most formally ambitious work of Hemingway's nonfiction, Ronald Weber remarks:

It isn't another compendium of Hemingway's expert knowledge but an attempt to recapture a fresh experience in a newly discovered place. The fact book competes with imaginative works--the issue Hemingway brought up in the foreword as a way of pointing to the experimental nature of the work, unfortunately so since it provided, then as now, a convenient means of dismissal--not in its measure with fiction but in the narrative methods and especially the fictionlike concentration brought to bear on a personal account. (73)

Except for Weber and Baker, there seems to be a consensus among critics that Green Hills can not compete with "a work of the imagination." Even Baker finds it lacking in the strong undercurrents of emotional intensity which inform and underlie all great works of fiction. In my opinion, Green Hills competes successfully with a work of fiction. Through his narrative imagination, Hemingway transforms this account of safari into a testament of his own growth. Not a mere exercise in shooting animals, the safari becomes an exercise in self-exploration where the narrator seeks growth and unification of his powers--physical as well as mental. Through the experience of safari, the narrator seeks to establish a meaningful relationship with the outer world; he learns to be as alive and responsive to the physical world as to the mental world. Green Hills comes to represent the process of integration of his skills--to hunt well, to write well, and to live well--into a healthy, alive, and fully functional individual.

Just before the beginning of the narrative, Hemingway has inserted a note for Mr. J.P. (Philip Percival). This note has the

effect of fixing the frame of reference for Green Hills and it points to its being a work of fiction:

Just tell them you are a fictional character and it is your bad luck to have a writer put such language in your speeches.... You will know, too, how to deal with any one who calls you Pop. Remember you weren't written as Pop. It was all this fictional character. Anyway the book is for you and we miss you very much. (9)

We know that Philip Percival is a real life character. But, here, Hemingway emphasizes the fact of J.P. being a verbal construct as he exists inside the text. He is a product of his impressions. Hemingway reminds us of the fictional status of Green Hills as well. Like J.P., Green Hills is also a product of the authorial consciousness. He admits indirectly the role played by his narrative imagination in the shaping and organizing of the narrative.

Hemingway gives the book a significant title. It not only emphasizes the fictional quality of Green Hills but also brings out and reinforces the main thematic concerns of the book. It is not "The Hills of Africa" but Green Hills of Africa. Instead of the anticipated definite article as the first word of the title, we have the word "Green." Thus it is the word "Green" which becomes the focus of the title. It reminds us of the lush verdant greenery in the hills of Africa, a symbol of organic growth; it reminds us of the organic quality of life where all the constituent elements are integrated into one unified whole and all these elements interact with one another in an interdependent and complementary manner. The narrative is organized around this dominant symbol of the organic growth. The narrator-protagonist also aspires to become a fully functional being by achieving the

unification of his powers and skills.

That Hemingway's main concern in Green Hills is not to present an account of safari, but to create an aesthetic experience becomes evident from his manner of characterization. Characters come to function as symbols; they embody meanings whose significance extends much beyond themselves. Hemingway creates contrastive patterns of characters. The first such pattern is of the narrator and Kandinsky. They come to symbolize two different modes of life. Kandinsky represents the European way of life. It has crippled him and consequently he has become wary and cynical of anything even remotely connected with it. This is reflected in his attitude towards his broken-down truck:

'Can we help?' I asked him.

'No,' he said. 'Unless you are a mechanic. It has taken a dislike to me. All engines dislike me.... In the morning I will try it. Now I am afraid to make it go farther with that noise of death inside. It is trying to die because it dislikes me. Well, I dislike it too. But if I die it would not annoy it.' (15)

This is the attitude of an individual, physically and imaginatively immobile. He has been overwhelmed by the technological advancements of the modern world. His lack of mechanical skill makes him personify the truck and attribute evil intentions to it. He comes to represent the modern man whom the modern civilization has not only alienated from his society and environment, but has also crippled in such a way that he can not even endeavor to renew and revive his energies. Like a typical modern European man, Kandinsky does not see life as a unified whole; he views life as being divided into two separate categories--mental and physical, and he prefers to live a "mental" life.

As contrasted with Kandinsky, we have the narrator who sees life as a unified whole. For him, the physical and the mental are not two mutually exclusive realms. He enjoys hunting as much as writing. For him, both these activities are equally necessary and important:

Now it is pleasant to hunt something that you want very much over a long period of time.... But it is not pleasant to have a time limit by which you must get your kudu or perhaps never get it, nor even see one. It is not the way hunting should be. It is too much like those boys who used to be sent to Paris with two years in which to make good as writers or painters after which, if they had not made good, they could go home and into their father's businesses. The way to hunt is for as long as you live against as long as there is such and such an animal; just as the way to paint is as long as there is you and colours and canvas, and to write as long as you can live and there is pencil and paper or ink or any machine to do it with, or anything you care to write about, and you feel a fool, and you are a fool to do it any other way. (18-19)

I knew a good country when I saw one. Here there was game, plenty of birds, and I liked the natives. Here I could shoot and fish. That and writing, and reading, and seeing pictures was all I cared about doing. And I could remember all the pictures. Other things I liked to watch but they were what I liked to do. (215)

This attitude of the narrator completely baffles Kandinsky who can never visualize a poet, who supposedly belongs to the higher realm, indulging in hunting and enjoying it thoroughly. And that is why he asks the narrator when he learns that the latter is here to shoot kudu, "Why should any man shoot a kudu? You, an intelligent man, a poet, to shoot kudu?" (16). He is quite puzzled and distressed as to how a dichter from the Querschnitt group could be hunting kudus when it is clearly within his powers to pursue the higher things of the mind. As for himself he is interested only in the intellectual things which

alone he sees as art. He is interested in the life of the mind:

'We have books,' he said. 'I cannot buy new books now but we can always talk. Ideas and conversation are very interesting. We discuss all things. Everything. We have a very interesting mental life. Formerly, with the shamba, we had the Querschnitt. That gave you a feeling of belonging, of being made a part of, to a very brilliant group of people. The people one would see if one saw whom one wished to see. (23)

His is a narrow and anaemic view where the mind does not draw sustenance from the physical life. "This is what I enjoy. This is the best part of life. The life of the mind. This is not killing kudu" (24). The narrator, speaking in the context of writers and art of writing, tells Kandinsky what this narrow conception of art and mental activity has led us to:

'Well,' I said, 'we have had, in America, skilful writers. Poe is a skilful writer. It is skilful, marvellously constructed, and it is dead. We have had writers of rhetoric who had the good fortune to find a little, in a chronicle of another man and from voyaging, of how things, actual things, can be, whales for instance, and this knowledge is wrapped in the rhetoric like plums in a pudding, and it is good. This is Melville. But the people who praise it, praise it for the rhetoric which is not important. They put a mystery in which is not there.'

'Yes,' he said. 'I see. But it is the mind working, its ability to work, which makes the rhetoric. Rhetoric is the blue sparks from the dynamo.'

'Sometimes. And sometimes it is only the blue sparks and what is the dynamo driving?' (24)

'Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Company.... Also all these men were gentlemen, or wished to be. They were all very respectable. They did not use the words that people always have used in speech, the words that survive in language. Nor would you gather that they had bodies. They had minds, yes. Nice, dry, clean minds. This is all very dull, I would not state it except that you ask for it.' (25)

This about sums up the position of the narrator. These writers, like Kandinsky, also have very narrow conception of art and culture. They also are interested only in intellectual pursuits

which have nothing to do with the real life as such. That is why their writings, according to the narrator, give the impression of being marvellously constructed artifices, lifeless and dull. These writings are disembodied, having minds but no bodies.

The narrator is also interested in the life of the mind but he emphasizes "life" rather than "mind". He is more interested in the health and activity of the mind rather than stuffing one's mind with information. He is a healthy individual as alive and responsive to the physical world as to the mental world and its needs:

'And what do you want?'

'To write as well as I can and learn as I go along. At the same time I have my life which I enjoy and which is a damned good life.'

'Hunting kudu?'

'Yes. Hunting kudu and many other things.'

....
'You really like to do this, what you do now, this silliness of kudu?'

'Just as much as I like to be in the Prado.'

'One is not better than the other?'

'One is as necessary as the other. There are other things, too.' (27-28)

As contrasted with Kandinsky who fails to see the relationship between art and life, the narrator seeks art and a life expressive of each other. For him, art is not just a creed, but a way of life; to hunt well or to write well is one and the same thing. He wants to do everything well. Speaking in the context of writing, the narrator tells Kandinsky what he aspires to achieve:

'The kind of writing that can be done. How far prose can be carried if any one is serious enough and has luck. There is a fourth and fifth dimension that can be got.'

'You believe it?'

'I know it.'

'And if a writer can get this?'

'Then nothing else matters. It is more important than anything he can do. The chances are, of course, that he

will fail. But there is a chance that he succeeds.'
'But that is poetry you are talking about.'
'No. It is much more difficult than poetry. It is a
prose that has never been written. But it can be
written, without tricks and without cheating. With
nothing that will go bad afterwards.' (29)

To do this kind of writing one needs total integration of one's
skills. For this,

First, there must be talent, much talent.... Then there
must be discipline.... Then there must be the
conception of what it can be and an absolute conscience
as unchanging as the standard meter in Paris, to prevent
faking. Then the writer must be intelligent and
disinterested and above all he must survive. (29)

Since the narrator has established the correspondence
between the physical and the mental, hunting and writing, we the
readers know that the above qualities which he speaks of are
valid for hunting as well as writing; in fact, to live well
demands all these qualities.

We can see that Hemingway, by contrasting the two
characters, the narrator and Kandinsky, introduces us to two
different worlds, to two different modes of life. These two
characters instead of just remaining two characters in the safari,
acquire larger symbolic significance; they come to represent two
different modes of life.

We are no longer interested in a mere account of the safari,
but in how the narrator realizes and fulfils the possibilities of
life during the safari, how he achieves unification of his powers,
and how he comes to function as a healthy and active individual
who lives in total harmony with his environment.

This process of growth and unification is shown in terms of
another contrastive pattern of characters: the narrator and Karl.
The contrast between the narrator and Karl is established in terms

of their attitudes towards hunting. Their different attitudes towards hunting come to represent their different attitudes towards life. For the narrator,

This was the kind of hunting that I liked. No riding in cars, the country broken up instead of the plains, and I was completely happy. I had been quite ill and had that pleasant feeling of getting stronger each day. I was underweight, had a great appetite for meat, and could eat all I wanted without feeling stuffy. Each day I sweated out whatever we drank sitting at the fire at night, and in the heat of the day, now, I lay in the shade with a breeze in the trees and read with no obligation and no compulsion to write, happy in knowing that at four o'clock we would be starting out to hunt again. I would not even write a letter. The only person I cared about, except the children, was with me and I had no wish to share this life with anyone who was not there, only to live it, being completely happy and quite tired. I knew that I was shooting well and I had that feeling of well-being and confidence that is so much more pleasant to have than to hear about. (50)

The above passage is significant. The narrator is portrayed as being very happy. He is getting stonger day by day. He is there with his wife, the only person he cares for. For him, the camp functions as home where he comes to restore his powers after a hard day's work. At the moment his physical health is his immediate concern, so he reads "with no obligation and compulsion to write." The narrator hunts during the day, and in the evening enjoys a cool drink with Pop and P.O.M., chats with them and rests with his wife. Life is lived at an unhurried pace. In short, he enjoys life.

On the other hand, there is Karl extremely unhappy with his hunting. "Karl was thin now, his skin sallow, his eyes very tired looking and he seemed a little desperate" (54). Whereas the narrator grows healthy and stronger each day, Karl looks tired and ill. While the narrator hunts in a relaxed manner, Karl is always

desperate because Karl's limits are self-imposed. Karl has been hunting kudu for eight days but with no success:

His mind was bitterly involving eight blank days of hill climbing in the heat, out before daylight, back at dark, hunting an animal whose Swahili name he could not then remember, with trackers in whom he had no confidence, coming back to eat alone, no one to whom he could talk, his wife nine thousand miles and three months away, and how was his dog and how was his job, and goddamn it where were they and what if he missed one when he got a shot, he wouldn't, you never missed when it was really important, he was sure of that, that was one of the tenets of his faith, but what if he got excited and missed, and why didn't he get any letters, what did the guide say kongoni for that time, they did, he knew they did, but he said nothing of all that, only, 'Whatever you say,' a little desperately. (55)

The contrast between the narrator and Karl can not be more striking. Whereas the narrator finds the country pleasant, lush green, and soothing, Karl can count only "eight blank days of hill climbing in the heat." He hunts with a group of people whom he did not trust. For him, the camp functions only as a place where he comes back to eat and sleep. Hemingway very skillfully introduces the contrast of home-and-not-home. Karl feels very lonely and desolate. He is away from his wife and job. He is not sure of his shooting ability. He wonders what if he gets excited and misses the shot. Karl hunts for the sake of hunting. He does not see hunting as an activity which leads to the growth of an individual. He wants bigger and still bigger trophies which he can display as his proud possessions back home. It does not matter how he kills as long as he is able to kill the animals. As a result, it does not give him the satisfaction of having done something well. His aspiration is not to make himself an integral part of his environment, but in his discontent he isolates himself

from life. And naturally, such activities do not contribute to health. As for the narrator what matters is the ability to function well--to be able to live well, write well, and hunt well, to live in harmony with nature. But before he develops this ability, he must be purged of the feelings of jealousy and envy.

As part of the narrative scheme Hemingway creates another contrastive pattern. If we have Kandinsky and Karl on the one hand, then we have Pop and P.O.M. on the other. Pop, the guide, combines authority with stability. He has already realized his selfhood and during the safari he acts as a touchstone by which we judge the growth of the narrator. He reminds us of Wilson, the British guide, a symbol of moral manhood in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Pop is the ideal which the narrator aspires to achieve. "Pop was her ideal of what a man should be, brave, gentle, comic, never losing his temper, never bragging, never complaining except in a joke, tolerant, understanding, intelligent, drinking a little too much as a good man should..." (56). The terms in which Pop has been described are significant: brave, gentle, comic, tolerant, and so on. These are the qualities which the narrator has mentioned above as being absolutely essential for a man to write well, hunt well, and live well. And Pop has all these qualities. Again, in the passage where the narrator describes what Pop looks like when asleep, the fact of Pop being a well-integrated human being is emphasized:

Pop slept quietly too, you would see his soul was close in his body. His body no longer housed him fittingly. It had gone on and changed, thickening here, losing its lines, bloating a little there, but inside he was young and lean and tall and hard as when he galloped lion on the plain below Wami, and the pouches under his eyes were all outside, so that now I saw him asleep the way

There is no dichotomy between body and soul here. They exist in mutual harmony. "His soul was close in his body." Although he has grown old in years, he is still "young and lean and tall and hard" in mind and spirit. They point to the fact of his being an individual who has achieved unification of his powers, who has realized his selfhood, and now exists in communion with his environment. His attitude towards hunting reflects his attitude towards life:

He hated to have anything killed except what we were after, no killing on the side, no ornamental killing, no killing to kill, only when you wanted it more than you wanted not to kill it, only when getting it was necessary to his being first in this trade... (22)

Though a hunter, Pop does not kill animals just for the sake of killing, nor does he kill the animals to take them home as trophies. He kills in order to survive and he kills only as much as is necessary for his own survival. His killing is a part of the process that goes on all the time, for a living organism must kill in order to live. He just participates in the process of nature and thus becomes an integral part of it. His is a view of life which accepts himself and his environment as interacting elements in an organic world.

Pop has a crucial role to play in the narrator's growth. Though the narrator usually hunts without Pop, Pop provides him with stimulation. He acts as a catalyst in the process of the narrator's growth. He teaches by example rather than precept. Pop always stands by the narrator's side. Pop always discusses with the narrator the idea of a hunt; he tells the narrator how to hunt and where to hunt; he makes all the arrangements and

preparations for the hunt; and whenever the narrator fails, he tries to console and comfort him.

Then we have P.O.M., the narrator's wife, who emerges as a mother figure, a figure of stability and comfort. In the aftermath of lion-hunting incident, M'Cola credits her with the killing of the lion and starts singing the victory song, "Mama piga simba." The other natives join him and soon the mood turns into one of joy and celebration. The natives pick her up and do their lion dance, imitating the deep, asthmatic cough of the lion which sounds like "Hey la Mama! huh! huh! huh! Hey la Mama! huh! huh! huh!" (40). P.O.M. knows that it is not she but her husband who has killed the lion. Nevertheless, without feeling bitter or fretful about it, she decides to enjoy the feeling of triumph:

'You know, I feel as though I did shoot it,' P.O.M. said. 'I don't believe I'd be able to stand it if I really had shot it. I'd be too proud. Isn't triumph marvellous?'

....
'Oh, let's not go into that,' P.O.M. said. 'I feel so wonderful about just being supposed to have killed him. You know people never used to carry me on their shoulders much at home.' (40)

We are reminded of the opening scene of "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," and the character of P.O.M., in comparison with Macomber's, emerges in sharp relief.

Francis Macomber had, half an hour before, been carried to his tent from the edge of the camp in triumph on the arms and shoulders of the cook, the personal boys, the skinner and the porters. The gun-bearers had taken no part in the demonstration. When the native boys put him down at the door of his tent, he had shaken all their hands, received their congratulations, and then gone into the tent and sat on the bed until his wife came in. She did not speak to him when she came in and he left the tent at once.... (7)

The above scene is similar to the scene of lion killing in Green

Hills, but the circumstances are different. Both Macomber and P.O.M. have not killed the lions. But whereas Macomber has shown his cowardice, P.O.M. has not. The gun-bearers, in the case of Macomber, don't take any part in the celebration because they are witnesses to his cowardice. In the case of P.O.M. it is the gun-bearers who start the celebration and rejoicing. Macomber's gesture of distributing money to the natives stands in sharp contrast to that of P.O.M., because it is a gesture of a man in desperation who tries to cover up his cowardice and minimize his guilt. On the other hand, P.O.M. enjoys the feeling of triumph and celebrates with others, because she knows that others know who killed the lion and she is quite comfortable with the fact; she decides to play along and not spoil the show by fretting about it. The picture that we have of P.O.M. is that of a person who is sportive, charitable, and magnanimous. She is not bothered too much about individual conquests. She is a mother figure who desires to see everyone succeed. She refuses to get deeply involved in the rivalry between the narrator and Karl. She acts as charitably and magnanimously towards Karl as towards her husband; she shares in and enjoys the successes of both the rivals; and she looks after both of them and in times of distress, provides succour and comfort to both of them.

If the narrator is to achieve unification of his powers, he must move away from Karl towards Pop. The process of the growth of the narrator is shown in terms of the rivalry between the narrator and Karl and the narrator's ability to grow out of the

rivalry. In order to become healthy, the narrator must purge himself of emotions and feelings of jealousy, envy, complacency, and self-centeredness. We are shown the narrator to be initially jealous of Karl. The narrator knows that he can shoot better than Karl, but as long as Karl is with him, he thinks only of killing bigger animals than Karl does. Trophy dominates skill in his mind. The narrator goes out to hunt rhino. He kills a rhino with a carefully aimed shot from a distance of three hundred meters. He shoots well. "I was watching, freezing myself deliberately inside, stopping the excitement as you close a valve, going into that impersonal state you must shoot from"(65). This is the way to shoot as well as to write. But the narrator has not yet realized that this is all that matters. When he returns to the camp, he finds that Karl has shot even a bigger rhino and all his excitement gives way to the feelings of jealousy and despair. The very sight of Karl's rhino makes him forget how well he killed his rhino. It does not matter to him that Karl took some five shots to kill the rhino at a point-blank range. All that he cares for is the size of the rhino's horns and his are much smaller than Karl's.

It is absolutely important for the narrator to free himself of the complex emotional entanglement with Karl and grow out of the competition. The buffalo shooting incident shows the narrator to have put behind the feelings of rivalry and jealousy. Droopy takes the narrator to a country which has an abundance of game. Amidst this abundance the narrator once again starts feeling happy and we find the narrator being steadily drained of the feelings of rivalry and jealousy. He does not care any more what he shoots, a

rhino or a buff, as long as he shoots well.

We all had the nervous exhilaration, like a laughing drunk, that a sudden over-abundance, idiotic abundance of game makes. It is a feeling that can come from any sort of game or fish that is ordinarily rare and that, suddenly, you find in a ridiculous unbelievable abundance. (85-86)

But this kind of exhilaration is not right for shooting well. This is as bad as feeling of jealousy and rivalry. One must be perfectly calm and controlled. These are the essential prerequisites of doing anything well. That is why he is not able to shoot the first buffalo cleanly. He has gut-shot it. In his overexcitement, he is not able to aim the big gun well:

I couldn't squeeze it and I corrected from my flinch, held my breath, and pulled the trigger. It pulled off with a jerk and the big gun made a rocking explosion out of which I came, seeing the buffalo still on his feet, and going out of sight to the left in a climbing run, to let off the second barrel and throw a burst of rock dust and dirt over his hind quarters. (83-84)

But when he shoots the next time, he is perfectly calm and controlled and he shoots cleanly:

... I slipped my arm well through the sling and sighting, the buff now all seen through the aperture, I froze myself inside and held the bead on the top of his shoulder and as I started to squeeze he started running and I swung ahead of him and loosed off. I saw him lower his head and jump like a bucking horse as he comes out of the chutes and as I threw the shell, slammed the bolt forward and shot again, behind him as he went out of sight, I knew I had him. (95)

It is this kind of shooting which gives him maximum satisfaction. And as his self-confidence grows, he acquires a new perspective. He no longer feels jealous of Karl. "Since a long time we had all felt good about Karl's rhino. We were glad he had it and all of that had taken on a correct perspective. May be he had his oryx by now. I hoped so. He was a fine fellow, Karl, and it was good

he got these extra fine heads" (98). This is a sign of healthy growth. He is now able to see himself in a new light. He now sees himself as he is, able to recognize his merits as well as his faults. This is the first step towards the realization of his goal of becoming a healthy individual. He no longer boasts about his kills. He knows they are not to be talked about, but to be felt and savored alone. No longer does he blame others for his faults and failures; he takes responsibility for them. That the narrator has acquired a new perspective now becomes evident from the passage below:

Karl and I out on the plain in the too much sun and dust had gone through one of those rows that starts like this, 'What was the matter?'

'They were too far.'

'Not at the start.'

'They were too far, I tell you.'

'They get hard if you don't take them.'

'You shoot them.'

'I've got enough.... You go ahead.'

Then someone, angry, shooting too fast to show he was being asked to shoot too fast, getting up from behind the anthill and turning away in disgust, walking towards his partner, who says, smugly, 'What's the matter with them?'

'They're too damned far, I tell you,' desperately.

The smug one complacently, 'Look at them.'

....

The one looks, says nothing, too angry now to shoot. Then says, 'Go ahead. Shoot.'

The smug one, more righteous now than ever, refuses. 'Go ahead,' he says.

'I'm through,' says the other. He knows he is too angry to shoot and he feels he has been tricked. Something is always tricking him, the need to do things other than in a regular order, or by an inexact command in which details are not specified, or to have to do it in front of people, or to be hurried.

'We've got eleven,' says smug face, sorry now. He knows he should not hurry him, that he should leave him alone, that he only upsets him by trying to speed him up, and that he has been a smugly righteous bastard again. (104-05)

That the dialogue in the above passage is hypothetical and that

the narrator can see his own smugness attest to an achieved objectivity in contrast to passion that overwhelms vision and judgment. It is not that he sees Karl's weaknesses but that he sees his own and the resulting complicated atmosphere in which no good hunting is done.

The process of the narrator's growth is also evident from his growing camaraderie with the natives. In Green Hills, the natives are not just there as part of the landscape providing ethos, but they are fully integrated into the narrative and they function as symbols. They are symbols of pure manhood untainted and uncorrupted by civilization. They embody clean skills; they are well-integrated human beings living in close harmony with nature:

Kamau was very modest, quiet, and an excellent driver and now, as we came out of the bush country, and into an open, scrubby desert-looking stretch, I looked at him, whose elegance, achieved with an old coat and a safety pin, whose modesty, pleasantness and skill I admired so much.... (136-37)

Again, there is M'Cola who "was not jealous of Droopy. He simply knew that Droopy was a better man than he was. More of a hunter, a faster and a cleaner tracker, and a great stylist in everything he did. He admired Droopy" (45). These are the people who value and respect one's ability to function well and their relationship is based on the notion of one's ability. They have no use for people like David Garrick, who indulges in mere theatrics. The natives' acceptance of the narrator as their equal shows that the narrator has developed the ability to function well. Earlier when the narrator is a mere novice, they look upon him with suspicion, but as the narrator gradually grows and improves they accept him

as one of their own. They now hunt together; they now act as a cohesive group in which each one takes one's place according to one's capabilities; they have established a fine rapport among themselves and this rapport is based on the recognition that everyone is equal. During the final leg of the safari, the narrator meets Masai tribesmen, specimens of perfect manhood. Everything about them suggests this:

They were the tallest, best-built, handsomest people I had ever seen and the first truly light-hearted happy people I had seen in Africa. Finally, when we were moving, they started to run beside the car smiling and laughing and showing how easily they could run..., waving and smiling as they left until there were only two still running with us, the finest runners of the lot, who kept pace easily with the car as they moved long-legged, smoothly, loosely, and with pride. (168-69)

They strike instant friendship with the narrator and welcome him into brotherhood by presenting him a living creature not to be killed but to be touched, felt and valued:

They caught the rabbit and the tallest runner came up with him to the car and handed him to me. I held him and could feel the thumping of his heart through the soft, warm, furry body, and as I stroked him the Masai patted my arm. (169)

Masai tribesmen striking friendship with the narrator and their welcoming the narrator into brotherhood, is symbolic of the fact that the narrator has realized his self.

On the one hand we witness a growth in the narrator, on the other we find Karl remaining stagnant. Hemingway shows this by juxtaposing himself with Karl:

We took turns hunting the hills and the flats and Karl became steadily gloomier although he killed a very fine roan antelope. He had got a very complicated personal feeling about kudu and, as always when he was confused, it was someone's fault, the guides, the choice of beat,

the hills; these all betrayed him. The hills punished him and he did not believe in the flats. Each day I hoped he would get one and that the atmosphere would clear but each day his feelings about the kudu complicated the hunting. He was never a climber and took real punishment in the hills. I tried to take the bulk of the hill beats to relieve him but I could see, now that he was tired he felt they probably were in the hills and he was missing his chance. (108-09)

Whereas the narrator takes responsibility for his faults, Karl blames others. All this hunting experience has not enriched him in any way. He essentially remains as he was at the beginning of the hunting expedition. He has withdrawn himself into a shell and remains impervious to growth and change. The narrator, on the other hand, wishes him all success and wants him to get his kudu so that "the atmosphere would clear."

The process of the narrator's growth reaches its culmination in the killing of kudu. The narrator, from the very beginning, aspires to move to the center of life. While Kandinsky wants to study life and Karl wants to take it home as a trophy, the narrator wants to participate in life and function as a healthy individual existing in harmony with the living world:

I did not mind killing anything, any animal, if I killed it cleanly, they all had to die and my interference with the nightly and the seasonal killing that went on all the time was very minute and I had no guilty feeling at all. We ate the meat and kept the hides and horns.
(205)

The narrator does not mind killing because he understands that a living organism must kill in order to live.

Quite appropriately at this stage, we find Karl moving away to the sable country, while the narrator remains behind to hunt kudu. This moving away, in a symbolic way, indicates that the complicated emotions associated with Karl have now been purged and

the narrator is now ready to realize his aim. Another instance which points to the fact of the narrator, being on the verge of realizing unification of his powers, is Pop's suggestion that the narrator should hunt kudu alone. In fact, doing anything well requires that it is done alone. Earlier the narrator has also indicated that good writing demands that it is done alone. So Pop's confidence in the narrator that now he can hunt on his own shows that the narrator has developed the ability to function as a well-integrated human being.

Leaving behind Pop, the narrator now moves to a new country to hunt kudu with just two tribals acting as his guide. And quite rightly he leaves the theatrical Garrick behind. He kills two kudus cleanly with just two shots. "He was lying on the side where the bullet had gone in and there was not a mark on him and he smelled sweet and lovely like the breath of cattle and the odour of thyme after rain" (177). With the killing of the kudus, he has moved into a clean new world where the Romans and Masai accept him as their equal. Before the kill, the narrator uses a dictionary to communicate; but now there is no need for a verbal language: "We were all hunters except, possibly, Garrick, and the whole thing could be worked out, understood, and agreed to without using anything but a forefinger to signal and a hand to caution" (192).

With the killing of the kudus, the narrator achieves unification of his powers where he can now function as a well-integrated human being. But the story does not end here. The narrator must go back to Pop, P.O.M., and Karl. And as part of this trip back, the sable hunt is crucial, for during this hunt

the narrator becomes aware of his weaknesses and accepts the responsibility for them as well as for his strengths. Garrick once again hunts with them, making the narrator nervous, but he ultimately takes responsibility for the gut-shot animal:

If I'd gone to bed last night I would not have done that. Or if I'd wiped out the bore to get the oil out she would not have thrown high the first time. Then I would not have pulled down and shot under her the second shot. Every damned thing is your own fault if you're any good. (212)

Not only is this an acceptance of his fault but it also indicates that he has realized his self during the safari and that demands the awareness of his responsibility for what fails as well as what succeeds. Similarly, when he returns to Pop and P.O.M. to discover that once again Karl has beaten him--using four or five shots to do it--the complicating emotions reappear only to be accepted and put aside:

But I was bitter and I was bitter all night long. In the morning, though, it was gone. It was all gone and I have never had it again....
'I'm really glad he has him,' I said truly. 'Mine'll hold me.'
'We have very primitive emotions,' he said. 'It's impossible not to be competitive. Spoils everything, though.'
'I'm all through with that,' I said. 'I'm all right again. I had quite a trip, you know.' (220)

Transfiguring of Green Hills, through narrative imagination, from a mere account of the safari into an account of his own growth is evidenced not only in characterization, but in other aspects of the book as well. Baker has discussed at length the narrative technique employed in Green Hills:

The other side of Hemingway's undertaking is an architectonic experiment of great interest. What he

had to work with, as the foreword indicates, was a "month's action".... Given that month of unprocessed raw material, the basic technical problem was to discern the action-pattern and to select out those events which would best dramatize it. Another immediate necessity was to rearrange, not the actual order of events, but the order in which the events were to be presented to the reader. The author was not content with a simple play-by-play description of the events as they happened, in the manner of a sports reporter broadcasting a football game. Such a procedure, obviously the easiest, would not satisfy his formal architectonic requirements. (168)

What Baker fails to see is the role played by the "architectonic experiment" in bringing out the theme of the narrator's growth. Green Hills has four sections: "Pursuit and Conversation," "Pursuit Remembered," "Pursuit and Failure," and "Pursuit and Happiness." Since it is about pursuit both literally and metaphorically--pursuit of kudu bull and pursuit and quest for the realization of the self--it is only appropriate that the word "Pursuit" figures in the titles of all the four sections. Both these pursuits reach their culmination in the last section of the book. Kudu emerges as a symbol for the actualization of the self. The reader sees both these pursuits as parallel and simultaneous, merging into one. The book is so structured as to point always to the kudu-hunt where both forms of pursuit end together. The book opens in media res. "Pursuit and Conversation" places us in the middle of action--the narrator and his friends have been on the trail of kudu for the last ten days and they have just three more days to go before the oncoming rains force them to leave. In the second section, "Pursuit Remembered," Hemingway, using the technique of flashback, takes us back in time to the early part of the expedition describing the unsatisfactory killings of rhinoceros and buffalos before the party went after the kudu.

This provides us with a contrast to the killing of the kudu in which the book climaxes. Baker says:

The whole "Pursuit Remembered" is geared into marked contrast which is to come. As part of the total plan of attack, Hemingway places various disappointments, dissatisfactions, and emotional confusions under the surface of the prose in the "build up" sections of his book. (170)

The hunting of the first lion, for example, is described as an emotionally unsatisfactory event.

I was so surprised by the way he had rolled over dead from the shot after we had been prepared for a charge, for heroics, and for drama, that I felt more let down than pleased. It was our first lion and we were very ignorant and this was not what we had paid to see. (39)

There is confusion all around. First P.O.M. takes a shot and then, the narrator takes one shot and then another, but the lion is dead from the first shot itself.

One would always expect a lot of drama and heroics surrounding such an event as the narrator does. But the event proves to be an anti-climax. Although the narrator shoots the lion dead just with one shot, it fails to give him emotional satisfaction. The shot is not a carefully aimed one; it is accidental and it is done in confusion and hurry. The event comes to reflect the emotional and physical condition of the narrator. He is a novice in a confused state of mind, one who kills not by design, but by accident. He is yet to be baptized by hunting and to achieve a total integration of his skills. Later towards the climax of the narrative, the narrator shoots the kudu also just with one shot. But we can see and feel the difference between the two killings. By portraying it as an emotionally unsatisfactory event, the narrator gradually prepares us for the

appreciation of kudu hunting which proves, in contrast, as highly satisfying emotionally. Hemingway frequently uses this device in "Pursuit Remembered." Again, for instance, rhinoceros is portrayed as

long-hulked, heavy-sided, prehistoric-looking, the hide like vulcanized rubber and faintly transparent-looking, scarred with a badly healed horn wound that the birds had pecked at, his tail thick, round, and pointed, flat many-legged ticks crawling on him, his ears fringed with hair, tiny pig eyes, moss growing on the base of his horn that grew out forward from his nose. (68)

The images used in the above passage evoke the feelings of physical disgust and loathing. Rhinoceros does not have the beauty of a kudu. Again, in the case of the buffalo, though the narrator admires the heavy power of the buffalo, he finds it to be a slow and ponderous scaly-hided creature. "All the while we shot I felt that it was fixed and that we had him" (93). The buffalo had neither the speed nor the grace nor the elusiveness of the kudu.

From the time of the shooting of rhinoceros and buffalo, we are gradually brought to the present where we once again find ourselves at the time of the opening of the book. And, finally through the failures and frustrations of "Pursuit and Failure" we are led to the climactic account of the kudu hunt in "Pursuit as Happiness" which dissolves all preceding disgusts and frustrations and leads to happiness all round.

In fact, the drive to function as a fully integrated being centers in the hunt for the kudu. Kudu is transformed into a highly significant symbol. Kudu's tracks are heart-shaped. Since heart is the center of life, kudu comes to represent this center.

The narrator, in his desire to function as a well-integrated being, aspires to move to the center of life. But this task cannot be easily accomplished. This is shown in the elusiveness of the kudu. After spending ten days in search of the kudu, all that the narrator is able to see is its tracks. Again, the passage occurring at the beginning of "Pursuit and Failure" shows the elusiveness of the kudu:

That all seemed a year ago. Now, this afternoon in the car, on the way out to the twenty-eight-mile salt-lick, the sun on our faces, just having shot the guinea fowl, having, in the last five days, failed on the lick where Karl shot his bull, having failed in the hills, the big hills and small hills, having failed on the flats, losing a shot the night before on this lick because of the Austrian's truck, I knew there were only two days more to hunt before we must leave. (136)

The word "failed" occurs three times in the above passage: "failed on the lick," "failed in the hills," and "failed on the flats." The difficulty in getting kudu reminds us of the conversation that the narrator had with Kandinsky, regarding "fourth and fifth dimension" in writing and how difficult it is to achieve this "fourth and fifth dimension." We can see the link between hunting kudu and writing. Another characteristic which reinforces the link between the two, is that hunting kudu like writing well demands that it is done alone. Hemingway, by establishing the link between the two, shows that one must first learn to function as a well-integrated being before one kills a kudu. Hemingway, by emphasizing the sweet, wholesome, and healthy qualities of kudu, shows how in hunting kudu the narrator himself has become a wholesome and healthy individual. "He was lying on the side where the bullet had gone in and there was not a mark on him and he smelled sweet and lovely like the breath of cattle and the odour

of thyme after rain" (177; emphasis mine). Kudu is portrayed as huge, beautiful, sweet smelling, wholesome, perfectly formed and marked, with the walnut-meat-colored horns sweeping back from the proud head in sharp contrast to baboons who leave a powerful stench and to hyenas who feed on the dead bodies. The narrator's eating of the liver and kidneys of kudu, the purifying organs, signifies the narrator's purification and his becoming a wholesome and healthy individual.

Another aspect of the narrative technique employed in Green Hills is to achieve a sense of verisimilitude. While in conversation with the narrator, Pop says:

I've never read anything, though, that would make you feel about the country the way we feel about it. They all have this damned Nairobi fast life or else bloody rot about shooting beasts with horns half an inch longer than someone else shot. Or muck about danger. (149)

To which the narrator replies: "I'd like to try to write something about the country and the animals and what it's like to someone who knows nothing about it" (149).

And he does not fail either Pop or us. The Africa of Green Hills comes alive on the page. We the readers can feel and see it all--the smell of animals, the dried sweat of hunters at the end of a day in the sun, the taste of meat cooked over a campfire, the feel of an oiled gun barrel, the sound of a bullet hitting the hide of a rhinoceros, and the giggling of a native and so on. According to Baker, Hemingway projects "accurately and sharply his own apprehensions of the lie of the land, the habits of the animals, the living personalities of the natives he met, the state

of the weather, the quality of the food, the methods of the camp, the procedures of the hunt..." (166).

But these descriptions, instead of just conveying to us the sense of how it was, come to have symbolic significance. Note, for example, the passage below:

We were sitting in the blind that Wanderobo hunters had built of twigs and branches at the edge of the salt-lick when we heard the truck coming. At first it was far away and no one could tell what the noise was. Then it was stopped and we hoped it had been nothing or perhaps only the wind. Then it moved slowly nearer, unmistakable now, louder and louder until, agonizing in a clank of loud irregular explosions, it passed close behind us to go on up the road. The theatrical one of the two trackers stood up.

'It is finished,' he said.

I put my hand to mouth and motioned him down.

'It is finished,' he said again and spread his arms wide. I had never liked him and I liked him less now.

(12)

The narrator has been in the pursuit of kudu for the last ten days and he has three more days to go. Sitting in the blind, he, along with the trackers and gun-bearers, has been waiting for the kudu to show on the salt-lick. Instead what he hears is a loud clanking noise, not recognizable at first, but gradually becoming clear as it comes near them. This intrusion comes at a time when it is needed the least. It suggests that the time is not yet ripe for the narrator to realize his goal of integrating all his skills and thus become a functioning and integral part of his environment. As described a little later, he has been sitting there in a fetal position, ready to be born.

The blind had been built at close arrow-shot of the lick and sitting, leaning back, knees high, heads low, in a hollow half full of ashes and dust, watching through the dried leaves and thin branches I had seen a lesser kudu bull.... (14)

But this proves to be a case of still birth. The kudus have been

scared away by the loud noise of the truck. Our green knight is not yet ready for his holy grail. He has to go through further trials and tribulations, and, therefore, purging and cleansing of himself, before he succeeds in shooting kudos cleanly. The truck is a symbol of the modern European civilization which has become mechanical and dead, a civilization which has the effect of scaring and driving away life. This civilization does not help man in realizing his potential; it does not lead to the healthy growth of an individual who works in close communion with nature. The spoken words in the above passage are very significant, almost prophetic in tone: "It is finished." It not only refers to the end of the hunting day or the dying sounds of the truck's engine, but also suggests to us that a way of life, namely, the decadent European civilization is finished. It is only out of the ashes of this civilization that a new birth is possible. These words also convey to us the meaning and direction of the journey which the narrator has undertaken.

Again, in another passage, a simple description of the Gulf Stream is endowed with a symbolic significance and the image of the Gulf Stream comes to embody all the values which the narrator aspires to achieve:

That stream will flow, as it has flowed, after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after the British, after the Americans and after all the Cubans and all the systems of governments, the richness, the poverty, the martyrdom, the sacrifice and the venality and the cruelty are all gone as the high-piled scow of garbage, bright-coloured, white-flecked, ill-smelling, now tilted on its side, spills off its load into the blue water, turning it a plain green to a depth of four or five fathoms as the load spreads across the surface ..., the stream, with no visible flow, takes five loads of this a day when things are going well in La Habana and in ten

miles along the coast it is as clear and blue and unimpressed as it was ever before the tug howled out the scow; and the palm fronds of our victories, the worm light bulbs of our discoveries and the empty condoms of our great loves float with no significance against one single, lasting thing--the stream. (116-17)

The qualities of the stream are "permanent and of value" because it is a moving force capable of continual self-purification. Similarly, an individual's imaginative activities--if he is not Kandinsky or Karl--purge old ideas, stultifying sentiments, and complicated patterns of life, making possible renewal and growth.

Such passages are too numerous in the book to be mentioned here. Another device which Hemingway uses in Green Hills is mountain-plain contrast which has informed even his earlier works, The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms. The narrator does not like the plains. The plains become a symbol of misery, unhappiness, exhaustion, and decadence. Though the Serengetti Plains teem with game, the country there stretched out flat, hot, brown, dusty, and unbroken. Not surprisingly, it is on the plains that the narrator falls seriously ill with one of the most miserable and dispiriting diseases. On the plains he is not able to find kudos. Among the green hills, the party could move on foot and at will over rugged, broken terrain. The recuperating patient now "had the pleasant feeling of getting stronger each day" (50). Once, on the way east from Kandoa-Irangi and Kibaya across the flat lands and desert-country, he asks Pop what the continent is like further south. It is nothing, says Pop, but "a million miles of bloody Africa." The phrase sums up the narrator's own emotional attitude towards the lowlands of Tanganyika and a great part of his hunting experience there. Up

in the forested mountains again, he feels much better and happy. This is the kind of hunting, and the rugged kind of country, to which he has always felt emotionally drawn. It is here that he kills the kudus and achieves unification of his powers.

The African safari has been quite a trip, a trip to integrate the narrator's powers and skills fully. Hemingway, at the end of the safari, comes to accept himself and his environment as interacting elements in an organic world. And by telling his own story, he invites the readers to partake of his experience of the safari.

Chapter 4

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

There are many reasons for keeping a diary: To make a note of facts that one considers important, to open one's heart, to give vent to one's feelings, to make confessions; from the instinct of economy which sometimes encourages a writer to make good use even of the smaller crumbs of his life, so that he may have one more book to publish; or again from vanity and self-satisfaction. This diary, on the other hand, had been kept in order that it may afterwards be made into a novel. (Moravia, The Lie 3)

Hemingway too, reportedly, kept notebooks on his early days in Paris and used them for writing A Moveable Feast. It is a remarkable tour de force transforming materials of autobiography into those of art. It is Hemingway's bildungsroman, the celebration of his heroic apprenticeship and the quest for those basic values which sustain him both as a man and an artist. It is less a book about Hemingway's life in Paris than about his subsequent exploration of that experience, looked at from the perspective of mature years.

Unlike his preceding nonfictional works which evoked lukewarm response from critics, A Moveable Feast won a wide spectrum of judgment ranging from outright condemnation to adulation. Critics like Morley Callaghan and Andrew Lytle condemn it for what they consider to be Hemingway's unjust portrayal of his one-time friends and contemporaries. For example, Morley Callaghan writes:

And what frightening sketches of people who at one time knew and liked him.... The touch he uses in these portraits is controlled, expert, humorous and apparently

exact; he is like a proud pool player, who lines up the balls with his cue, says, 'That one in the corner pocket,' and sinks it cleanly. But underneath the surface humour--it's really a gallows humour--there is a long nourished savagery, or downright venom, and in his portraits there is the quick leap for the jugular vein. (465)

But perhaps the most damaging critique is by Gerry Brenner who calls A Moveable Feast "a literary morgue." He says that "the malice and vindictiveness in Feast, then, is intentionally lethal. Outliving most of his victims, Hemingway serves kill-shots they are literally unable to return" (Concealments 218). He not only accuses Hemingway of being unfair but also considers him a master in the art of verbal assassinations:

Hemingway is no messy killer. He usually executes his victims in a single episode. It takes one scene to slay the pompous, petty Ford; one car trip from Lyon to strip the feckless Fitzgerald of dignity; one whispered secret from Zelda about Al Jonson's superiority to Jesus to show her lunacy or Machiavellianism or both.... A tally of Hemingway's victims might find him as effective as the Arlberg avalanche that buried a party of thirteen imprudent German skiers, nine of whom died. (Concealments 220)

Critics like George Wickes and Jacqueline Tavernier-Courbin criticize A Moveable Feast for its deviations from facts even as one can hear a faint note of grudging admiration for its being a work of art. George Wickes says:

A Moveable Feast is another matter entirely, subtly compounded of nine parts facts to one part fiction, so compellingly and convincingly wrought that any reader is ready to suspend disbelief. Sometimes there is hardly any fiction--but then there is likely to be all the more craft. (28)

Jacqueline Tavernier-Courbin remarks:

Thus, on the one hand, it is clear that Hemingway was aware that it is impossible to recapture the past accurately almost forty years after the fact, that he consciously made a selection of his material in order to create an artistic whole, just as he had, for instance,

in The Sun Also Rises, and that he often distorted reality in order to make it fit into that artistic whole. On the other hand one can hardly forget that he went to some lengths to convince his readers that he was reporting accurately, evidence in hand, on what he had seen and felt thirty or forty years earlier. (46-47)

On the other hand, there are critics who are unqualified in their praise for A Moveable Feast for its ability to capture the Paris of the early twenties. Frank Kermode says, "Much of what he says of Paris is generally familiar from other books. But no other book is of this authority and distinction, and no other so strongly conveys (largely by omission, of course) the sense of time regained" (475). Tony Tanner is also of the similar opinion:

He portrays a time of pure beginnings, when nothing was spoilt, when talent burgeoned with love, and when rich vivid impressions were eagerly hoarded up by the unclouded wondering eyes. (He seems to have a total recall of all the meals he had during this time.) There are paragraphs of exquisitely accurate notation which evoke that time with undulled intensity. But he sees this time from the perspective of age, so that the dawn brightness is occasionally darkened by sombre intimations of twilight. The recaptured sense of the young time when everything was possible is sobered by the recurrent realisation that nothing lasts. (477)

Then, there are critics like Richard Ellmann and Philip Young who praise it for its literary qualities and claim that A Moveable Feast approximates a work of fiction. Richard Ellmann says that "The book is made up of a series of short stories or near-stories, the form in which Hemingway always did his best" (459). Philip Young expresses a similar opinion when he remarks:

The prose glitters, warms, and delights. Hemingway is not remembering but reexperiencing; not describing, making. In several cases the results are comparable to his fiction. So much have things changed that he could have invented names for the characters and called the sketches stories.... And the novel would pick up a little more than the unity of place from the sense of irretrievable loss that haunts it--loss of the spirit of youth, innocence and springtime, soon to pass. (494)

Before we go on to consider A Moveable Feast as a work of fiction, let us first look at its "factual" status. It becomes important in view of the fact that critics like George Wickes and Jacqueline Tavernier-Courbin have carried out extensive research and challenged the veracity of certain facts. These charges, if proved true, would undermine the status of A Moveable Feast as a nonfiction novel.

Hemingway started writing the sketches sometime in the summer of 1957. According to Mary Hemingway, by December 1957 Hemingway had finished three sketches--the opening chapter, a sketch of his meeting with Gertrude Stein early in 1922 after his holiday trip to Switzerland, and the sketch of Ford Madox Ford. Hemingway worked steadily on the book and by July 1958 he was claiming that he had one or two more sketches in mind; he just had to do final corrections and revisions. Early the following year he told Harry Brague, his editor at the Scribner's that the next book to publish was the "Paris stuff," though he added that he was taking the manuscript with him to Paris on a locale-checking trip to "go over it all and may be do a couple more of the pieces. It is a hell of a good book--really" (Letters 893). In November 1959 he gave the manuscript to Charles Scribner, Jr., with the instruction that it be returned to him in Ketchum for final work. He was not yet ready for its publication. In the meanwhile, he put aside the "Paris book" to work on the bullfighting article [The Dangerous Summer] that he had promised to Ed Thompson, the editor of Life. After the publication of The Dangerous Summer in

three installments in Life. Hemingway returned to the "Paris book" once again. On 6 Febraury 1961, he wrote to Brague, "Here's gen to date: Have material arranged as chapters [in A Moveable Feast] they come to 18--am working on the last one--No 19--also working on title" (Letters 916). He hoped to finish the task of revision by May 1961 and submit it to the Scribner's for publication. But as his health deteriorated and he was in and out of hospital, the manuscript essentially remained untouched since Febraury 1961. After his death, Mary Hemingway

found the typescript of A Moveable Feast in a blue box in his room in our house in Ketchum, Idaho together with his draft of his preface and a list of titles, a check mark against this title as well as others. Making a list of titles and choosing one were the final chores Hemingway performed for a book. He must have considered the book finished except for the editing which even the most meticulous manuscripts require. (Mary Hemingway 27)

Later Mary Hemingway, with the help of Brague, edited it. She claimed:

I went over the book and gave it the same hard-headed editing I would have done if I had been copying from Ernest's original typing and manuscript as I used to do in Cuba. Working toward lucidity I put in or removed commas, checked spelling, sometimes but rarely cut out repititious words or phrases which I felt sure were accidental rather than intentional or for phonetic or poetic effect. With Harry Brague, Hemingway's editor at Scribner's, I made a few further cuts when we went over the manuscript together, and we switched about a couple of the chapters for continuity's sake. No one added any word to the book. (27)

The book was finally published in April 1964.

Tavernier-Courbin disputes Hemingway's claim of having retrieved the two trunks from the Ritz Hotel mainly on two grounds--first, that neither Hemingway nor Mary Hemingway makes any mention of this discovery in his or her private

correspondence, even in letters written to friends and family members from the Ritz at the very time of the purported discovery; and secondly, that the employees at the Ritz, when interviewed, said that they didn't remember Hemingway to have left anything at the hotel for thirty years. But Courbin's evidence has largely been negative and it is largely based on conjecture and surmise. In fact, she herself not only admits that the evidence in favor of Hemingway's having left trunks of old manuscripts at the Ritz Hotel outweighs the evidence against it, but soon she gives up the issue altogether.

In any case whether or not trunks of old manuscripts were left sitting in the basement of the Ritz, or elsewhere, for thirty years is of relatively little importance, for it appears that Hemingway made very small use of early manuscripts in the writing of A Moveable Feast. (10-11)

The other charge labelled by both Tavernier-Courbin and George Wickes against A Moveable Feast is that, despite its reported claim to accuracy, it has several factual errors and it omits and distorts many facts. For instance, Tavernier-Courbin points out that Hemingway claims Ernest Walsh to be editor of The Dial, but Walsh was an editor of This Quarter not of The Dial. But this allegation has no basis. Hemingway nowhere claims that Walsh was the editor of The Dial. In fact, he mentions it very explicitly that Walsh was the editor of This Quarter. Then, according to both Tavernier-Courbin and Wickes, Hemingway leaves out many significant details from A Moveable Feast. They point out that Hemingway's portrayals of Gertrude Stein, Fitzgerald, Ford Madox Ford, and others are one-sided and he omits the fact of his considerable debt, literary or otherwise to them. Again, this

accusation lacks a firm basis. One must note that Hemingway never claims to portray the people and events objectively; he portrays them as he perceives and remembers them. In fact, he acknowledges the fact that these portraits are mediated and transmuted by his consciousness and in this, these portraits may appear one-sided. But he never denies the fact of his considerable debt to these people.

In an essay, "Are We Going To Hemingway's Feast," Gerry Brenner raises questions about the authenticity of the text and shows that editing done by Mary Hemingway and Harry Brague was more comprehensive than they claimed. Brenner points out that Mary Hemingway collated and, in places, created the "Preface." Hemingway, before his death, was working on the preface and the last chapter of the book. He wrote many drafts of the preface, but he had not settled upon any one version. It was Mary Hemingway who collated the published preface from the various drafts. Secondly, the finished typescript of A Moveable Feast that Hemingway had left, had only 19 chapters, one chapter less than the published version:

To his 19 chapters Mary Hemingway added, as the tenth chapter, "Birth of a New School," in which the young Hemingway sarcastically urges a pestering young writer to become a critic. Hemingway had worked on the chapter enough to bring it from holograph to typescript. But he had not included it in his "finished" typescript. ("Hemingway's Feast 531)

Mary Hemingway also changed the sequence of the chapters. Hemingway had struggled a lot about the ordering of the chapters, and, finally, he had decided how the chapters were to be ordered. But Mary Hemingway altered it in two places claiming that it was necessary for "continuity's sake." "Une Generation Perdue" was

placed as chapter 7 by Hemingway, but Mary Hemingway advanced it to chapter 3. Brenner argues that this advancement obscures two patterns that Hemingway weaves. First is the pattern of despotic women, a pattern that Gertrude Stein's recurring image strengthens. The second obscured pattern is the contrast that Hemingway achieves by juxtaposing chapters on Gertrude Stein and Sylvia Beach. Originally "Shakespeare and Company" followed "Miss Stein Instructs" and "Hunger was a Good Discipline" (his chapter 8) follows "Une Generation Perdue." Brenner says, "This alternation silently contrasts two mother images, the dogmatic, high-handed and imperious Gertrude Stein against the tolerant, nurturing and modest Sylvia Beach. The rearranged chapters simply blur this pattern" ("Hemingway's Feast" 532). But in the following pages we show that these patterns are not obscured and blurred, but remain intact. Mary Hemingway changed the chapter sequence a second time when she put the chapter on Schruns and the break-up of Ernest and Hadley's marriage at the end whereas Hemingway had made it chapter 16, placed between the chapter on Ralph Cheever Dunning and the three chapters on Fitzgerald. Again, Mary Hemingway altered the epigraph to the F. Scott Fitzgerald chapter. Brenner says, "while the published version reads more smoothly and eloquently than the 'finished' typescript version, the latter expresses a note of genuine gratitude, a note that warmly contravenes the scorn in Hemingway's three-chapter portrait of Fitzgerald" ("Hemingway's Feast" 533-34).

Brenner also comments on the many cuts that Mary Hemingway made in the manuscript. According to him, the most significant

cut is in the ending of the Schruns chapter where Hemingway talks about the break-up of his marriage with Hadley. In the original typescript Hemingway admits his fault and declares that no one else is to be blamed for the break-up of his marriage. Pauline is not portrayed as a rich interloper who destroyed the marriage, but a good wife who helped shape a new happiness. He indicates about the possibility of another book where Pauline would receive her due. He concludes this chapter with the consolation that Hadley finally fared well, married a man superior to himself, and was happy. Mary Hemingway not only deleted this ending but grafted onto it the material about the "pilot fish" and the rich which Hemingway had decided to discard. And, here again, Mary Hemingway heavily edited this grafted material, altering many details and deleting many passages. Commenting on this, Brenner says:

Nevertheless, her ending to Feast does not read like vintage Hemingway. Some of what she kept, her husband, with better judgment, discarded. She kept his disingenuous self-deprecation. After so many chapters in which young Ernest's ruthlessness or sarcasm stands out in high relief, it rings false at the end to read his self portrait as a clown or a fond, unsuspecting dog that wags its tail for the scraps of approval doled out by the rich. ("Hemingway's Feast" 543)

It is true that such an extensive editing of the text alters it in ways not intended by its author and makes our experience of it as an aesthetic object considerably different, nonetheless the published version of A Moveable Feast is the one at hand for the time being. And till such time as the Scribner's and the executors of the Hemingway estate decide to bring out the standard text as Hemingway had left it, we will have to remain content with this one.

As far as the "factual" status of A Moveable Feast is

concerned. we have seen that the doubts and questions raised by Tavernier-Courbin and Wickes are not significant and lack a firm basis. Both Tavernier-Courbin and Wickes fail to see the intentions of the author and to enter into the spirit of the situation. The author is taking a trip back into the past, the Paris of his early days when he was young, was in love with his first wife and was beginning his career as a writer. This Paris was his Garden of Eden where he was the happiest. Like Adam, he has now fallen from this Eden. He has lost it forever, yet it lives in his memory. A Moveable Feast attempts to reconstruct not the Paris as it was, but the Paris as it still existed and lived in his memory. This Paris is not constituted by the events and incidents as they unfolded in a chronological fashion but is constituted by certain select events and episodes transformed and welded together by the author's imagination to form a meaningful pattern. It is true that Hemingway was aided in this task of recovering the past by the notes which he discovered in the Ritz Hotel and he went over the details carefully with Hadley, his first wife, and other friends, but A Moveable Feast essentially remains a product of his memory. So it is only logical that while the author selects certain episodes and events, he omits others.

In the preface to A Moveable Feast, Hemingway makes his intentions clear. "For reasons sufficient to the writer, many places, people, observations and impressions have been left out of this book. Some were secrets and some were known by everyone and everyone has written about them and will doubtless write more"(9).

He goes on to enumerate the things which have been left out and then he says that "It would be fine if all these were in this book but we will have to do without them for now" (9). What he implies here is that the things which don't fit and suit his aesthetic plan have been left out. Here he acknowledges the active role played by his imagination in selecting and choosing, and, then, shaping and organizing the events into a coherent and meaningful pattern. That is why Hemingway asks the reader to read A Moveable Feast as a work of fiction. "If the reader prefers, this book may be regarded as fiction. But there is always the chance that such a book of fiction may throw some light on what has been written as fact" (9).

Again, in the concluding passage of A Moveable Feast, Hemingway admits the important role played by his shaping consciousness and memory. He says, "There is never any ending to Paris and the memory of each person who has lived in it differs from that of any other" (140; emphasis mine). What he implies here is that facts are always mediated by our shaping consciousness (memory) and in so far as they are mediated, each version of these facts will be different from the other. A Moveable Feast presents his "memory" of Paris, a product of his shaping consciousness. And yet he lays claim to factual accuracy. "But this is how Paris was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy" (140; emphasis mine).

Both the preface and the conclusion serve to frame the narrative. Even while they emphasize the narrative's close adherence to "facts," they reveal the inherent fictional nature of the narrative.

The title of the book is significant and it seeks to emphasize the central concern of the narrative. In the Catholic calender, a moveable feast is a day which has no fixed date. It is dependent on the date of another which also varies. It may occur sometime before or after Easter. Like the moveable feast, happiness is, it is Hemingway's conviction, dependent not on time or place, but on the individual and his state of mind. And in this respect, Paris in the narrative becomes a symbol of happiness, instead of just being a place spatially and temporally fixed.

The transformation of A Moveable Feast from a mere chronicle of Paris in 1920s into a work of fiction is borne out by Hemingway's manner of characterization. The characters, instead of just remaining the people as they were in real life, come to function as symbols. They serve to bring out the main thematic concerns of A Moveable Feast--the themes of integrity in both writing and life, of the happiness that such an integrity brings, of the fragile nature of such happiness, and its need to be protected from the intruders who always seek to destroy it.

We have the narrator who is portrayed as a virtuous young writer. He emerges as a symbol of honesty, discipline, simplicity, courage, and moral rectitude and uprightness. For the narrator, writing is a sacred calling and it must be done well. It demands absolute integrity and discipline. He believes in only writing sentences which are true. Sometimes when he can not get a new story going, he

would stand and look out over the roofs of Paris and think. 'Do not worry. You have always written before and you will write now. All you have to do is write one true sentence. Write the truest sentence that you know.' So finally I would write one true sentence, and then go on from there. (17)

"Truest sentence" is what that matters to him. He knows that any faking would violate the sacrosanct nature of writing. "If I started to write elaborately, or like someone introducing or presenting something, I found that I could cut that scroll work or ornament out and throw it away and start with the first simple declarative sentence I had written" (17). He believes in understatement. He often omits the real end, as in his story "Out of Season," on his new theory "that you could omit anything if you knew that you omitted and the omitted part would strengthen the story and make people feel something more than they understood" (54). He does not compromise his integrity like Fitzgerald who manipulates and tailors the ends of his stories to suit the public taste. Nor is he willing to give up writing "inaccessible" things as Gertrude Stein does.

Well, I thought, now I have them so [the people] do not understand them. There can not be much doubt about that. There is most certainly no demand for them. But they will understand the same way that they always do in painting. It only takes time and it only needs confidence. (55)

For the sake of immediate popularity and success, he won't corrupt himself nor would allow himself to be compromised. As a result of his ability to write "truest" sentences, the narrator can make his writings come alive; one can feel and see the objects he describes:

Some days it went so well that you could make the country so that you could walk into it through the timber to come out into the clearing and work up onto

the high ground and see the hills beyond the arm of the lake. A pencil-lead might break off in the conical nose of the pencil sharpener and you would use the small blade of the pen knife to clear it or else sharpen the pencil carefully with the sharp blade and then slip your arm through the sweat-salted leather of your pack strap to lift the pack again, get the other arm through and feel the weight settle on your back and feel the pine needles under your moccasins as you started down for the lake. (64)

For learning his craft, the narrator is willing to serve a long, unpaid apprenticeship. He often goes to Musée du Luxembourg to see and study the paintings of the impressionists. He learns as much from painters about how to write as from writers. He studies their techniques thoroughly and uses them as his models. He learns to look at the world through the eyes of a painter. What interests and impresses him most are the paintings of Cézanne:

I was learning something from the painting of Cézanne that made writing simple true sentences far from enough to make the stories have the dimensions that I was trying to put in them. I was learning very much from him but I was not articulate enough to explain it to anyone. Besides, it was a secret. (18)

It reminds us of "fourth and fifth dimension" in writing which Hemingway talks about in Green Hills of Africa. "The kind of writing that can be done. How far prose can be carried if anyone is serious enough and has luck. There is a fourth and fifth dimension that can be got" (Green Hills 29). To do this kind of writing one needs total integration of one's skills. For this,

there must be discipline.... Then there must be the conception of what it can be and an absolute conscience as unchanging as the standard meter in Paris, to prevent faking. Then the writer must be intelligent and disinterested and above all he must survive. (Green Hills 29)

The narrator's veneration for and worshipful attitude

towards literature is evident not only in his writing but also in his helpful and cooperative attitude towards other writers. He enjoys doing favors to other writers and regards them as services in the cause of literature. He edits the manuscripts of The Making Of Americans for Gertrude Stein because she regards such work degrading and odious. He then persuades Ford to publish it in his transatlantic review. He helps in the publication of Walsh's periodical when Walsh has gone away to the United States due to illness. When Ezra Pound asks the narrator to look after Ralph Cheever Dunning during his absence, the narrator cheerfully accepts the task. Dunning "was a sacred charge coming from Ezra" (94).

For the narrator, if writing is one source of joy and happiness, then love is the other. Writing leaves him with mixed emotions: "After writing a story I was always empty and both sad and happy, as though I had made love" (13). For him, writing is equivalent to making love. Both of them are sacred acts. At the moment, the narrator has not only been writing well, but has also been in love with his wife, Hadley. He plans to go with his wife to the mountains during winter and he muses how happy he would be with his wife there. His thoughts reflect how happy he is with his wife and how much he loves her. "Below Les Avants there was a chalet where the pension was wonderful and where we would be together and have our books and at night be warm in bed together with the windows open and the stars bright" (14). They just need each other. Merely the thought of their being together makes the narrator happy. The images in the above sentence are revealing and evocative of the feelings of love and happiness: "we would be

happy together," "be warm in bed together," "the pension was wonderful," and "the stars bright." Their being together makes them warm and makes everything bright and wonderful. Again, his wife's response on hearing this proposal reveals how much they love each other and how happy they are: "I think it would be wonderful. Tatie,' my wife said. She had a gently modelled face and her eyes and her smile lighted up at decisions as though they were rich presents" (14).

For the narrator, writing well and being in love with his wife are all that matter and he regards them as ample compensation for his poverty and lack of creature comforts. His poverty does not bother him. "We ate well and cheaply and drank well and cheaply and slept well and warm together and loved each other" (39-40).

I thought of bathtubs and showers and toilets that flushed as things that inferior people to us had or that you enjoyed when you made trips, which we often made.... We thought we were superior people and other people that we looked down on and rightly mistrusted were rich. It had never seemed strange to me to wear sweatshirts for underwear to keep warm. (39)

He does not care because he is "doing his work and getting satisfaction from it..." (39).

Youth, strength, work, joy of love, and pride of poverty, all fuse together to bring happiness and joy. But the narrator is aware of the fragile nature of his happiness; he is aware of the vulnerability of both the worlds of writing and love. His chief preoccupation in A Moveable Feast is to protect both these worlds from intrusion.

And, accordingly, all other characters in A Moveable Feast

are cast in the form of either intruders who seek to destroy the narrator's happiness or friends who help the narrator in preserving his happiness. To the first group of characters belong Gertrude Stein, Ernest Walsh, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ford Madox Ford, and a critic named Hal; to the second group of characters belong Sylvia Beach, Ezra Pound, and Evan Shipman.

Gertrude Stein is the first major intruder into Hemingway's happy world. She emerges as a symbol of decadence, corruption, perversion, hypocrisy, deceit, and dishonesty. She sets out to disrupt Hemingway's happiness and the narrator can sense her designs: "I felt that they forgave us for being in love and being married--time would fix that--and when my wife invited them to tea, they accepted" (19). Gertrude Stein, with her companion, comes over to the narrator's flat and takes a look at his story "Up in Michigan." She finds it "inaccrochable" and advises him not to write anything which is "inaccrochable." She tells him that "[he] might be some new sort of writer in [his] own way, but the first thing to remember was not to write stories that were inaccrochable" (19). It shows how she has violated the discipline of her sacred calling. She does not write what is true, but writes what is acceptable and goes down well with the reading public. Not only that, she also dislikes "the drudgery of revision and the obligation to make her writing intelligible, although she needed to have publication and official acceptance, especially for the unbelievably long book called The Making of Americans" (21). She is also frivolous and flippant. "She wanted to know the gay part of how the world was going; never the real, never the bad. I was young and not gloomy and there were always

strange and comic things that happened in the worst time and Miss Stein liked to hear these" (25). She not only avoids serious talk, but also avoids reading serious books. She is fond of the books by Marie Belloc Lowndes and advises the author to read them:

Miss Stein loaned me The Lodger, that marvellous story of Jack the Ripper and another book about murder at a place outside Paris that could only be Enghien-les-Bains. They were both splendid after-work books, the people credible and the action and the terror never false. They were perfect for reading after you had worked and I read all the Mrs. Belloc Lowndes that there was. (26)

Even her literary judgments are colored by personal bias. "In the three or four years that we were good friends I cannot remember Gertrude Stein ever speaking well of any writer who had not written favourably about her work or done something to advance her career..." (27). She speaks highly of Sherwood Anderson because he "was a part of her apparatus" (27); she does not like James Joyce because he is a better writer than her; and she does not think much of Ezra Pound as a poet because

he had sat down too quickly on a small, fragile and, doubtless, uncomfortable chair, that it is quite possible he had been given on purpose, and had either cracked or broken it.... The reasons for her dislike of Ezra, skilfully and maliciously put, were invented years later. (28)

Gertrude Stein accuses Hemingway and his generation of being a lost one:

'That's what you are. That's what you all are,' Miss Stein said. 'All of you young people who served in the war, you are a lost generation.'

....
'Don't argue with me, Hemingway,' Miss Stein said. 'It does no good at all. You're all a lost generation, exactly as the garage keeper said .' (28-29)

She accuses Hemingway's generation of being indisciplined, of not

being serious enough, of not being committed and of having compromised their integrity. And, ironically enough, she is herself guilty of what she accuses the Hemingway generation of being; in fact, it is she who belongs to the lost generation.

The narrator manifests a desire to end the relationship with Gertrude Stein whose sinister character soon dawns upon him:

We were getting to be better friends than I could ever wish to be. There is not much future in men being friends with great women although it can be pleasant enough before it gets better or worse, and there is usually even less future with truly ambitious women writers. (79)

The final proof of her corruption and decadence comes to the narrator in the form of revelation of her lesbianism:

I heard someone speaking to Miss Stein as I had never heard one person speak to another; never, anywhere, ever.

Then Miss Stein's voice came pleading and begging, saying, 'Don't, pussy. Don't, Don't, please don't. I'll do anything, pussy, but please don't do it. Please don't. Please don't, pussy.'

I swallowed the drink and put the glass down on the table and started for the door. The maidservant shook her finger at me and whispered, 'Don't go. She'll be right down.'

'I've to go,' I said and tried not to hear any more as I left but it was still going on and the only way I could not hear it was to be gone. It was bad to hear and the answers were worse. (80)

The narrator realizes that she is not only corrupt as an artist, but also as a person and that he must end this relationship in order to protect and preserve his happy world of writing and love:

That was the way it finished for me, stupidly enough, although I still did the small jobs, made the necessary appearances, brought people that were asked for and waited dismissal with most of the other men friends when that epoch came and the new friends moved in. It was sad to see new worthless pictures hung in with great pictures but it made no difference any more. Not to me it didn't. She quarrelled with nearly all of us that were fond of her except Juan Gris and she couldn't quarrel with him because he was dead. (80)

Another intruder into Hemingway's happy world is Ernest Walsh who the narrator meets at Ezra's studio. "The afternoon I met Ernest Walsh, the poet, in Ezra's studio, he was with two girls in long mink coats and there was a long, shiny, hired car from Claridge's outside in the street with a uniformed chauffeur" (82). The description of Walsh in the above sentence is, significantly enough, not that of a poet which he is, but that of a successful businessman. There is a flashy, shiny, and false quality about him. And the narrator immediately makes out what a hypocrite and con man Walsh is:

I knew he had the con, not the kind you con with but the kind you died of then and how bad it was.... I was wondering if he ate the flat oysters in the same way the whores in Kansas City, who were marked for death and practically everything else, always wished to swallow semen as a sovereign remedy against the con; but I did not ask him. (84)

By comparing Walsh with the whores in Kansas City, Hemingway shows how corrupt and debauch Walsh is. The narrator puts on his guard; he knows he must stay away from Walsh. So when Walsh tries to tempt him by promising him the award which Walsh's newly founded magazine is going to give, the narrator refuses to take the bait:

'You're to get it,' he said. He started to talk about my writing and I stopped listening. It made me feel sick for people to talk about my writing to my face, and I looked at him and his marked-for-death look and I thought, you con man conning me with your con. I've seen a battalion in the dust on the road, a third of them for death or worse and no special marks on them, the dust for all, and you and your marked-for-death look, you con man, making a living out of your death. Now you will con me. Con not, that thou be not conned. Death was not conning with him. It was coming all right. (85)

If Gertrude Stein is the first major intruder into the narrator's world, F. Scott Fitzgerald is the last. Hemingway

creates the character of Fitzgerald, his major rival during those days, as a perfect contrast to his own. Fitzgerald embodies the values which are directly contrasted with the values which the narrator embodies and cherishes. In contrast with the abstemious character of the narrator, Fitzgerald is portrayed as a man of prodigal habits. In order to carry on with his prodigal habits, Fitzgerald needs money. As a result, he compromises his integrity and becomes a self-confessed literary whore. He writes stories which are acceptable to the Saturday Evening Post rather than the stories which draw out the best in him. And here the difference between Fitzgerald and the author becomes very clear:

He said it was whoring but that he had to do it as he made money from the magazines to have money ahead to write decent books. I said that I did not believe anyone could write any way except the very best he could write without destroying his talent. Since he wrote the real story first, he said, the destruction and changing of it that he did at the end did him no harm. I could not believe this and I wanted to argue him out of it.... Since I had started to break down all my writing and get rid of all facility and try to make instead of describe, writing had been wonderful to do. But it was very difficult.... It often took me a full morning of work to write a paragraph. (101-02)

Fitzgerald regards writing as a kind of business activity rather than a sacred calling. He keeps

a large ledger with all of the stories he had published listed in it year after year with the prices he had received for them and also the amounts received for any motion picture sales, and the sales and royalties of his books. They were all noted as carefully as the log of a ship and Scott showed them to both of us with impersonal pride as though he were the curator of a museum. (119)

As contrasted with his own masculine appearance, Hemingway describes Fitzgerald as being somewhat effeminate:

Scott was a man then who looked like a boy with a face between handsome and pretty. He had very fair wavy hair, a high forehead, excited and friendly eyes and

delicate long-lipped Irish mouth that, on a girl, would have been the mouth of a beauty. His chin was well built and he had good ears and a handsome, almost beautiful unmarked nose. (96)

The narrator regards that unmarked nose as a flaw which he would have gladly corrected. Later also, Hemingway goes out of his way to emphasize again that there is something effeminate about Fitzgerald, who is excited about drinking wine from a bottle "as a girl might be excited by going swimming for the first time without a bathing suit" (107). Hemingway's description of Fitzgerald as being effeminate anticipates his petulance, hypochondria, dramatics, and his drunken behavior.

And, in the narrator's opinion, the cause for all this can be traced to Zelda, Fitzgerald's wife, who is jealous of her husband's achievements and does everything which she can, to prevent him from working:

Zelda had hawk's eyes and a thin mouth and deep-south manners and accent. Watching her face you could see her mind leave the table and go to the night's party and return with her eyes blank as a cat's and then pleased, and the pleasure would show along the thin lines of her lips and then be gone. Scott was being the good cheerful host and Zelda looked at him and she smiled happily with her eyes and her mouth too as he drank the wine. I learned to know that smile very well. It meant she knew Scott would not be able to write. (120)

Whenever Fitzgerald seems to be settling down to work, she either starts a flirtation with another man to make him jealous and thus distract him from his work or else forces him into going for all-night drinking parties with her. Here we can see the contrast between Zelda and Hadley, the narrator's wife. As opposed to Zelda, Hadley becomes an equal partner with the narrator in his struggle for becoming a writer. She willingly shares with him the discipline of hunger and poverty. She decides to forego the

usual comforts of life so that the narrator can develop his talents as a writer. She does without new clothes; she does without a bathroom in her apartment; she does without a fire in winter; she even encourages the narrator to take the trip to Lyons with Fitzgerald with the money which they have been saving for a trip to Spain. In sum, Hadley is an ideal wife bearing all the troubles for her husband's sake.

Zelda not only distracts Fitzgerald from his work but she is also responsible for arousing a feeling of sexual inadequacy and incompetence in Fitzgerald. The episode relating to Fitzgerald's doubt about the size of his penis and the narrator accompanying him to Le water and then assuring him that there is nothing wrong with him is probably the funniest episode in the whole of A Moveable Feast. And then comes the most damning condemnation of Zelda by the narrator. "'Forget what Zelda said,' I told him. 'Zelda is crazy. There's nothing wrong with you. Just have confidence and do what the girl wants. Zelda just wants to destroy you.'" (126)

In fact, Fitzgeralds' is the fiesta concept of life and they belong to the lost generation. But when the narrator reads Fitzgerald's Great Gatsby, he realizes what a great writer Fitzgerald is. "When I had finished the book I knew that no matter what Scott did, nor how he behaved, I must know it was like a sickness and be of any help I could to him and try to be a good friend" (118). And that is what the narrator tries to be. He gives Fitzgerald advice and tries to help him in whatever way he can. But he does not know Zelda yet and when he comes to know

her, he knows that it is all futile. Once aware of their true nature, the narrator realizes that he must negate this relationship in order to preserve his own integrity. This he does by gradually distancing himself from them.

Besides Gertrude Stein, Ernest Walsh, and Scott Fitzgerald who try to tempt the narrator into compromising his integrity both as a writer and man and thus make him as debauch and decadent as they themselves are, there are meddlesome intruders like Ford Madox Ford and Hal who interrupt him while he is working. For the narrator, writing demands absolute concentration and privacy. He works with a single-minded devotion and in these moments, he shall brook no interference. And it is in these moments when the narrator is working hard that Ford Madox Ford has the habit of making himself an unwelcome guest and interrupting the narrator's work. Hemingway draws a very funny sketch of him. He portrays Ford as a liar and a clown who gives off a body odor that fouls up the air. "It was Ford Madox Ford, as he called himself then, and he was breathing heavily through a heavy, stained moustache and holding himself as upright as an ambulatory, well-clothed, up-ended hogshead" (58). The narrator takes a sip of the drink to see "if his coming had fouled it" (59). Ford strikes up a meaningless conversation with the narrator about who is a cad and Hemingway exposes Ford as a bumbling fool through the comic bit of dialogue that follows:

'A gentleman,' Ford explained, 'will always cut a cad.'
I took a quick drink of brandy.

'Would he cut a bounder?' I asked.

'It would be impossible for a gentleman to know a bounder.'

'Then you can only cut someone you have known on terms of equality?' I pursued.

'Naturally.'
'How would one ever meet a cad?'
'You might not know it, or the fellow could have become
a cad.' (61)

And the conversation goes on like this for quite sometime.

Then there is Hal, the critic. One day when the narrator is writing in his favorite café, Hal drops in and insists on sitting with him. "Then you would hear [Hal] say, 'Hi, Hem. What are you trying to do? Write in a café?' Your luck had run out and you shut the notebook. This was the worst thing that could happen" (64). The narrator tries to ignore him and continues writing. But Hal is not to be fobbed off so easily and he won't let the narrator write.

So I ignored him and wrote two sentences.

'All I did was speak to you '.

I went on and wrote another sentence. It dies hard when it is really going and you are into it.

'I suppose you've got so great nobody can speak to you.'

I wrote another sentence that ended the paragraph and read it over. It was still all right and I wrote the first sentence of the next paragraph.

'You never think about anyone else or that they may have problems too.'

I had heard complaining all my life. I found I could go on writing and that it was no worse than other noises, certainly better than Ezra learning to play the bassoon.

'Suppose you wanted to be a writer and felt it in every part of your body and it just wouldn't come.'
(65)

Finally, the narrator has to give up writing and turn his attention to Hal. He manages to get rid of Hal by convincing the latter that he [Hal] would make a critic better than a writer. But for one day the narrator does not go to the café for fear that Hal might come once again and interrupt his work.

The narrator's Paris is not only inhabited by corrupt and decadent people like Stein, Walsh, and Fitzgerald but also by

simple, honest and compassionate people like Sylvia Beech, Ezra Pound, and others. Hemingway contrasts the characters of Sylvia Beech, Ezra Pound, and others with those of Stein, Walsh, and Fitzgerald. In their attitudes and bearings, these people are like the narrator and they are his friends who help him in preserving his idyllic and happy world. In them, as opposed to the rotten, decadent, and debauched world of Stein and Fitzgerald, we are introduced to a honest, healthy, and moral world.

Sylvia Beach is a humane, compassionate, lively, and cheerful person. She

had a lively, sharply sculptured face, brown eye that were as alive as a small animal's and as gay as a young girl's, and wavy brown hair that was brushed back from her fine forehead and cut thick below her ears and at the line of the collar of the brown velvet jacket she wore. She had pretty legs and she was kind, cheerful and interested, and loved to make jokes and gossip. No one that I ever knew was nicer to me. (31)

She herself is devoted to the cause of literature and in her own small way promotes it. In fact, she acts like a godmother to the fledgling writers. She makes Hemingway a member of her rental library and allows him to take as many books as he wants even when he does not have any money to pay the deposit.

There was no reason for her to trust me. She did not know me and the address I had given her, 74 rue Cardinal Lemoine, could not have been a poorer one. But she was delightful and charming and welcoming and behind her, as high as the wall and stretching out into the back room which gave onto the inner court of the building, were shelves and shelves of the wealth of the library. (31)

Then we have Ezra Pound, a person very much like Sylvia Beach. He is always kind, generous, selfless and helpful.

Ezra was the most generous writer I have ever known and the most disinterested. He helped poets, painters, sculptors and prose writers that he believed in and he

would help anyone whether he believed in them or not if they were in trouble. He worried about everyone. (76)

Like the narrator, Ezra Pound also believes in the sacrosanct nature of literature and is always willing to aid and advance the cause of literature. Hemingway very skillfully establishes parallel between Pound and Sylvia Beach, and contrast between Pound and Stein. "The studio where he lived with his wife Dorothy on the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs was as poor as Stein's studio was rich" (74). By establishing the contrast between the studios, Hemingway also tries to show us the contrast in their characters. One is the good angel, the other is the seducer; one is benign and generous, the other, selfish and self-serving; one believes in and promotes the cause of literature, the other violates its discipline. The narrator goes to Pound's studio as frequently as he goes to Stein's. Pound becomes the narrator's impressario, editor, and tutor. He goes over the narrator's early writings and indoctrinates him with the discipline of Flaubert and le mot juste. Unlike Stein, he does not try to corrupt the narrator by asking the latter not to write what is "inaccrochable." He teaches the narrator the imagist principle of economy and precision; he teaches the latter to distrust adjectives. Unlike Stein whose advice on art of writing the narrator ignores, he pays heed to Pound's advice and learns much from it.

Then there is Evan Shipman.

He was a fine poet and he knew and cared about horses, writing and painting. He rose and I saw him tall and pale and thin, his white shirt dirty and worn at the collar, his tie carefully knotted, his worn and wrinkled grey suit, his fingers stained darker than his hair, his nails dirty and his loving, deprecatory smile that he held tightly not to show his bad teeth. (89)

But, for all his shabby appearance, he is much the better artist and man, and hence worthy of being Hemingway's friend. He believes that "The completely unambitious writer and the really good unpublished poem are the things [they] lack most at this time" (95). Unlike Stein and Walsh, he does not care whether his poems are ever published. All that matters for him is that one must write only true things. Even as a man his attitudes are very similar to those of the narrator. Both of them present an example of happy intercourse between art and life. Both of them can empathize with Paris and the French; they have the capacity for imaginative sympathy which is the first prerequisite for a writer. Thus, they can understand the problem of Jean and Andre, the two waiters at the Lilas and sympathize with them. In contrast to them, there is Fitzgerald who

did not care about waiters nor their problems nor their great kindness and affections. At that time Scott hated the French, and since almost the only French he met with regularly were waiters whom he did not understand, taxi-drivers, garage employees and landlords, he had many opportunities to insult and abuse them. (111-12)

While Fitzgerald is smug and prejudiced, Shipman is open, flexible, and receptive to new impressions and ideas.

Despite the healthy company and benign influence of these friends and his resolute attempt to keep the intruders at bay, the narrator ultimately falls prey to the machinations of the rich and corrupt. He ends up becoming a member of the lost generation. His happy world is disrupted; he compromises his integrity as an artist, he violates the discipline of writing and he leaves his first wife for another woman.

The transformation of A Moveable Feast from a simple memoir to a work of fiction is evident from its narrative structure. Hemingway structures the narrative in such a skillful way that it not only emphasizes the fictional quality of A Moveable Feast but also serves to bring out the main thematic concerns. He abandons the strategy of narrating the events in a chronological sequence in favor of the strategy of narrating the events through association. On a casual reading one feels that A Moveable Feast has no structure at all: "sketch" seems to follow "sketch" for no apparent reason; one finds oneself at a loss chronologically. But a close reading reveals that this confusion has been deliberately sought and it is there by design rather than accident. Hemingway often introduces us to a particular episode with a paragraph or sometimes a whole page describing the site of its occurrence and a few comments on the personalities of the characters involved. Then follows an exchange of dialogue and the event is terminated with a brief narratorial comment.

Usually this comment by some associative or unconscious process leads us into the next sketch. There is no mention of the year, though often of the season, to let us know if episode X or episode Y came first. According to conventional logic, Y should come after X, but when one is dealing with one's own remembrance of things past, one realizes that the search for lost time in one's own life is often a process devoid of logic.

This narrative strategy frees Hemingway from the obligation of relating the events and the people in the chronological order as a chronicler is obliged to do. Using the freedom of relating the events through association, Hemingway organizes them in terms

of themes. It is the various themes which unify the apparently disparate and discrete events and endow the narrative with unity.

For example, chapter I opens with a description of Paris during winter season and closes with Hemingway's planning to leave Paris for the mountains with his wife. The second chapter opens with a description of Paris after their return from the mountains. What unites the two chapters, on the surface level, is the narrator's going to the mountains and then his return to Paris. But a closer look reveals that it is the themes of writing and love which unite the two chapters. In chapter I, Hemingway discusses his own values of writing and links writing with love. This discussion continues in the second chapter. In chapter II, while discussing the craft of writing, he tells us how much he learns about writing by looking at the paintings of Cézanne in Musée du Luxembourg. Here, through association Hemingway takes us to Gertrude Stein's apartment and a portrayal of Stein follows. Hemingway very skillfully affects the transition by linking the Musée du Luxembourg with Stein's apartment. "It was like one of the best rooms in the finest museum except there was a big fireplace and it was warm and comfortable..." (18; emphasis mine). In effect, what this transition achieves is to show the contrast between the narrator and Stein (between different values which they embody), which we have discussed above. The portrayal of Stein continues in chapter III. This has the effect of further building up the contrast. Chapter IV takes us to Sylvia Beach's bookstore at 12 rue de l'Odéon. The transition from Miss Stein's studio to Sylvia Beach's bookstore is effected skillfully with the

help of the phrase "In those days." "In those days, there was no money to buy books. I borrowed books from the rental library of Shakespeare and Company which was the library and bookstore of Sylvia Beach at 12 rue de l'Odéon" (31; emphasis mine). Once again, by juxtaposing Gertrude Stein and Sylvia Beach, Hemingway shows the contrast between the two which we have discussed above. Chapter IV ends with both the narrator and his wife planning to walk down along the river. This walking down along the river takes us to the next chapter which opens with the following sentence: "There were many ways of walking down to the river from the top of the rue Cardinal Lemoine" (34). Walking along the river and seeing trees, he is reminded of the spring. "With so many trees in the city, you could see the spring coming each day until a night of warm wind would bring it suddenly in one morning" (37). This leads us to chapter VI, "A False Spring", which begins with "When spring came, even the false spring, there were no problems except where to be happiest" (38). Once again, these two chapters have the effect of presenting a contrast between the simple, inexpensive pleasures which, like Sylvia Beach, make no demand upon the narrator and, in fact, help him, and horseracing, which, like Gertrude Stein, acts as a dangerous and alluring friend trying to tempt him into his fall.

While associative memory links the various chapters and provides a unified structure to the narrative on one level, on the other it is the organization of the chapters in a pattern of the description of the narrator's happy world and of people and things who help him in preserving this happy world, followed by the description of tempting intruders who threaten to disrupt it.

This pattern is repeated throughout the narrative until the end when the happy world is finally disrupted and destroyed.

Hemingway gives us clues to orient us in time and to make us feel that we are being shown pictures of events from a succession of years. He does this by his references to certain events whose time and dates can be ascertained through other sources. For example, we know that a considerable time has lapsed between chapter II and chapter III where he discusses the character of Stein, by his references to certain political events which, we know, took place in the year 1923.

When I had come back from trips that I had made to the different political conferences or to the Near East or Germany for the Canadian paper and the news services that I worked for she wanted me to tell her all the amusing details. (25)

Again, others have already written about his first home in Paris and described the break-up of his first marriage. The references to "the pilot fish" and the "rich" in the last section make clear why he places the three Fitzgerald sketches immediately before them: it was not too long before the break with Hadley that he came to know the Fitzgeralds and their rich friends, Murphys.

Another aspect of the structural pattern employed by Hemingway is the placing of the three Fitzgerald sketches towards the end of the narrative. These sketches are meant to balance the sketches of Stein which occupy as prominent a place towards the beginning of the text as the Fitzgerald sketches do towards the end. These two are major intruders in the narrator's happy world, one in the beginning of his stay in Paris and the other just before the break-up of his first marriage with Hadley.

In A Moveable Feast, Hemingway makes a sustained use of imagery and symbols. Commenting on the use of images and symbols in A Moveable Feast, Jill Rubenstein says:

Throughout A Moveable Feast Hemingway uses figurative and allusive language and symbolism in much the same way that a novelist uses these devices and for the same general purposes. They extend the book's realm of significance; and they provide a unifying structure of images and references, creating reverberations of earlier chapters in the later ones. (232)

Hemingway's description of landscape and weather come to function as unstated metaphors. The narrative begins with a description of rain, cold wind, and stripped trees:

Then there was the bad weather. It would come in one day when the fall was over. We would have to shut the windows in the night against the rain and the cold wind would strip the leaves from the trees in the Place Contrescarpe. The leaves lay sodden in the rain and the wind drove the rain against the big green autobus at the terminal. (11)

We are reminded of the opening of A Farewell to Arms:

...in the fall when the rains came the leaves all fell from the chestnut trees and branches were bare and the trunks black with rain. The vineyards were thin and bare-branched too and all the country wet and brown and dead with the autumn.... At the start of the winter came the permanent rain and with the rain came the cholera. But it was checked and in the end only seven thousand died of it in the army. (7-8)

The parallel between the two openings is too striking to be missed. In Hemingway, bad weathers are always dangerous portents signalling misery, transience, and loss. Just as A Farewell to Arms ends with the death of Catherine leaving Henry a broken man, we can see the opening sentences anticipating the end of A Moveable Feast in Hemingway's loss of happy world, the disintegration of his happy first marriage, and the violation of his artistic integrity. Hemingway here transforms, with the help

of his imagination, a simple description of weather into a symbol carrying within its womb the germs of tragedy that is to overtake him.

The various cafés of Paris which Hemingway frequents come to function as symbols. The Café des Amateurs is described as an "evilly run café" haunted by drunkards and wastrels. "The men and women who frequented the Amateurs stayed drunk all of the time" (11). Their habit of drinking is a physical manifestation of their spiritual emptiness. These people are representative of the post-war generation which, haunted by the fear of death, tries to seek relief from it by indulging in the orgies of drinking. Frequented by these people, the Café des Amateurs becomes "the cesspool of rue Mouffetard" (11). But it is a cesspool which, in contrast with the other one in the Place Contrescarpe is never emptied. It becomes a symbol of decadence and dissipation. The narrator has nothing but contempt for it. "I kept away from it because of the smell of dirty bodies and the sour smell of drunkenness" (11). It reminds us of Bill Gorton of The Sun Also Rises who, while talking to Jake Barnes, expresses a similar contempt for the expatriates who are decadent and escapist:

You're an expatriate. You've lost touch with the soil. You get precious. Fake European standards have ruined you. You drink yourself to death. You become obsessed by sex. You spend all your time talking, not working. You are an expatriate, see? You hang around cafes.
(96)

Hemingway establishes the Café des Amateurs as an important symbol of decadence which gradually expands and grows. It does not take much imagination to see how Stein, Walsh, Fitzgerald, and Zelda merge with the crowd of the drunkards at the Cafe des Amateurs.

In order to maintain his integrity both as a man and an artist, and not to get drawn into the vortex of the cesspool that the Café des Amateurs is, the narrator must stay away from this place and work elsewhere in a café on the Place St-Michel. This cafe, in contrast to the Café des Amateurs, is "a pleasant café, warm and clean and friendly" (12). It is the narrator's clean well-lighted place, something which represents light, cleanliness, and order against the nothingness represented by the Café des Amateurs. It is here that he feels at home; it is here that he can write, an activity which is one of the greatest sources of joy for him. "I kept on writing, feeling very well and feeling the good Martinique rum warm me all through my body and my spirit" (13). It is not "the smell of dirty bodies and the sour smell of drunkenness" which prevails in the atmosphere here and poses a threat to his act of writing, but the presence of a beautiful girl, "very pretty with a face fresh as a newly minted coin... smooth flesh with rain freshened skin" (13) which excites him and facilitates his writing. Since this girl is anonymous and inaccessible, she makes no demand on him. At the same time, he can very comfortably possess and preserve an image of hers.

I've seen you, beauty, and you belong to me now, whoever you are waiting for and if I never see you again, I thought. You belong to me and all Paris belongs to me and I belong to this notebook and this pencil. Then I went back to writing and I entered far into the story and was lost in it. (13)

The girl's presence does not disturb him, but she becomes an object whom he observes and whom he can use in his writing later.

Another café which the narrator frequents is the Closerie des Lilas. Once again, as contrasted with the Cafe des Amateurs,

Closerie is "warm inside in the winter, and in the spring and fall it was very fine outside with the tables under the shade of the trees on the side where the statue of Marshal Ney was, and the square, regular tables under the big awnings along the boulevard" (57). Nor is it visited by the people from the Dome and the Rotonde. He describes the self-delusive way of life of these people from Rotonde in a Paris dispatch to the Toronto Star:

They are nearly all loafers expending the energy that an artist puts into his creative work in talking about what they are going to do and condemning the work of all artists who have gained any degree of recognition. By talking about art they obtain the same satisfaction that the real artist does in his work. That is very pleasant, of course, but they insist upon posing as artists. ("American Bohemians in Paris" 47)

Instead it is visited by elderly bearded men. "These people made it a comfortable cafe since they were all interested in each other and in their drinks or coffees, or infusions and in the papers and periodicals which were fastened to rods, and no one was on exhibition" (58). They do not distract him nor do they make any demands on him. He can work peacefully here. We can see here the parallels between these elderly people and the beautiful girl, between the Closerie and the cafe on the Place St-Michel.

In A Moveable Feast also, Hemingway employs the mountain-and-plain contrast, a contrast which he has so fruitfully used in The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms, and Green Hills of Africa. Mountain symbol stands for "Home" and the plains represent "Not-Home." Carlos Baker says that

The Home-concept, for example, is associated with the mountains; with dry-cold weather; with peace and quiet; with love, dignity, health, happiness, and the good life; and with worship or at least the consciousness of God. The Not-Home concept is associated with low-lying

plains; with rain and fog; with obscenity, indignity, disease, suffering, nervousness, war and death; and with irreligion. (102)

No wonder, the room where he works is six or eight flights up from the ground and the flat where he lives is situated at the top of a hill. He takes a trip to the mountains to escape the bad weather of Paris. It makes him healthy and cheerful; it renews his energies. On his return he finds Paris "clear and cold and lovely" (16). In contrast with the Paris of the first chapter where "the leaves lay sodden in the rain and the wind drove the rain against the big green autobus at the terminal..." (11), we have the trees which look like "sculpture without their leaves when you were reconciled to them, and the winter winds blew across the surfaces of the ponds and the fountains blew in the bright light. All the distances were short now since we had been in the mountains" (16). The room where he works is no longer cold and the fireplace no longer refuses to draw. Now "The fireplace drew well in the room and it was warm and pleasant to work" (16).

But in the concluding chapter, the mountains, symbol of escape and regeneration, fail to provide the narrator the renewed vision so essential to both happiness and writing. The narrator escapes with his wife to the village of Schruns in the Austrian Alps. In the mountains, he and his wife feel happy while skiing, but when they come down to the plains, they discover the fragility and vulnerability of their happiness.

I loved her and I loved no one else and we had a lovely magic time while we were alone. I worked well and we made great trips, and I thought we were invulnerable again, and it wasn't until we were out of the mountains in late spring, and back in Paris, that the other thing started again. (140; emphasis mine)

Linked to the symbol of the mountains is the symbol of the avalanche. The narrator remembers how after an avalanche, a man's body was dug out of the snow. "He had squatted down and made a box with his arms in front of his head, as we had been taught to do, so that there would be air to breathe as the snow rose up over you" (135). This reminds us of the narrator's predicament throughout A Moveable Feast. He too tries to make a box for himself which will remain inviolate from intrusion and prevent him from being stifled. But like the man buried by the avalanche, he too is overwhelmed by the intruders.

A Moveable Feast is full of references to food and wine and these references also come to function as symbols. Susan F. Beegel has analyzed in depth the imagery of food and wine used in A Moveable Feast. She says:

A Moveable Feast is a book about the writer's problem of sustenance, about Hemingway's early struggle to sustain himself as an artist, to make a living from writing without allowing himself to be corrupted by hunger. Food and drink naturally become tropes in such a book. (16)

In Paris which is very famous for its fine food and wines, its restaurants, bistros and cafes, Hemingway, poor that he is, has to resist the temptation of food and drink. For him, "Hunger was good discipline" (50). He attributes his success as an artist to his ability to go without food "when [he] had given up journalism and [was] writing nothing that anyone in America would buy" (50). For learning his craft he must be willing and able to go hungry; he must be willing and be able to to serve a long unpaid apprenticeship:

There you could always go into the Luxembourg Museum and all the paintings were sharpened and clearer and more

beautiful if you were belly-empty, hollow-hungry.... I learned to understand Cézanne much better and to see truly how he made landscapes when I was hungry. I used to wonder if he were hungry too when he painted.... Later I thought Cézanne was probably hungry in a different way. (50)

For a fledgling writer like the narrator, food and drink are seductive enemies, tempting him away from his work and making him dip into the small savings that enable him to support his family while he writes. In Paris the abundance of food and drink are all but overpowering: "You got very hungry when you did not eat enough in Paris because all the bakery shops had such good things in the windows and people ate outside at tables on the sidewalk so that you saw and smelled the food" (50). The narrator avoids streets with cafés and bakeries in order to avoid spending money that he does not have and maintain his integrity as a writer.

As contrasted with the narrator, there is Fitzgerald who does not submit to the discipline of hunger and thirst. Fitzgerald is not only prodigal with food but also addicted to drink. He orders snails and carafe and then leaves them to the narrator to finish while he talks with his wife on phone. He orders poularde de Bresse and Montagny and then passes out before he could finish it. He has the hotel prepare a picnic lunch for them at four or five times the normal price, because he is unwilling to visit a charcuterie. Besides, he is an alcoholic. He is not a heavy drinker, but even a relatively small amount of alcohol makes him drunk:

As he sat there at the bar holding the glass of champagne the skin seemed to tighten over his face until all the puffiness was gone and then it drew tighter until the face was like a death's head. The eyes sank and began to look dead and the lips are drawn tight and the colour left the face so that it was the colour of

used candle wax. This was not my imagination. His face became a true death's head, or death mask, in front of my eyes. (98)

And, as a result, he is unable to write. Moreover, in order to sustain his prodigal habits, he becomes a self-confessed literary whore.

Fitzgerald is not the only one who will not submit to the discipline of hunger and thirst; there are others as well. Beegel says that A Moveable Feast is

full of empty people engaging in orgies of eating and drinking all manner of things to find relief from their fear of death. There is the poet who must eat opium to keep himself from jumping off the roof, and the fire swallowing Algerian who must drink wine to wash away the taste of the petrol. There are the drunkards of the "sad, evilly run" Cafe des Amateurs, who drink to forget the cold rains of winter; Ernest Walsh who eats oysters to cure his consumption; and the Kansas City whores who swallow semen to ward off disease. Theirs is the fiesta concept of life, dictating that in a world 'where the living know that they shall die,' 'a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry.' (17-18)

Hemingway uses the imagery of food and drink to show his fall. Throughout the book he has carried a horse chestnut and a rabbit's foot in his pocket for luck. In the closing chapter, eating and drinking with the rich in Schruns, he has venison with chestnut sauce and rabbit in red wine for dinner. Seduced both literally and figuratively by the rich, he has violated the discipline of hunger and consumed his own luck.

Closely linked to the imagery of food and drink is animal imagery. Hemingway uses horse-racing as a metaphor for an alluring but dangerous friend. Unlike people, horse-racing, he thinks, brings money and joy. He does not have much money, but he always keeps some money aside for racing, even when it means

pinching on other things. He, along with his wife, goes to the racing course quite regularly:

Racing never came between us, only people could do that; but for a long time it stayed close to us like a demanding friend. That was a generous way to think of it. I, the one who was so righteous about people and their destructiveness, tolerated this friend that was the falsest, most beautiful, more exciting, vicious, and demanding because she could be profitable. (46)

But racing requires too much self-devotion for the rewards it brings. Hemingway here again uses the symbol of escape to the mountains and its rejuvenating effect on him and metaphorically contrasts it with the vitiating effect of racing:

But it was not the climbs in the high mountain meadows above the last forest, nor nights coming home to the chalet, nor was it climbing with Chink, our best friend, over a high pass into new country. It was not really racing either. It was gambling on horses. But we called it racing. (46)

The racing tracks beckon him and he gets drawn, as if by a magnetic pull, to Enghien, "the small, pretty and larcenous track that was the home of the outsider" (38-39). It is only after quite some time when he gets too involved in it, that he realizes that he is no longer an outsider. Racing becomes too demanding and distracting and he decides to give it up. "You knew many people finally, jockeys and trainers and owners and too many horses and too many things" (47). We can see the parallels between horse-racing and his relationship with Stein, Walsh, and Fitzgerald.

Hemingway describes his succumbing to the temptations in terms of animal imagery. The rich first send out a "pilot fish" to locate and ensnare their prey. And following the pilot fish come "the good, the attractive, the charming, the soon-beloved,

the generous, the understanding rich ... who give each day the quality of a festival" (138) and they seek to destroy the happiness of the narrator, his happy marriage and his discipline as a writer. "When they have passed and taken the nourishment they needed, leave everything deader than the roots of any grass Attila's horses hooves have ever scoured" (138). The same narrator who, in the beginning, looks down on and mistrusts the rich, who could see through the attempts of Ernest Walsh to buy him with expensive food and the false promise of a thousand dollar prize, now forgets to mistrust them and lets himself be snared by flattery. Once again, he uses animal imagery to portray his gullibility:

Under the charm of these rich I was as trusting and as stupid as a bird dog who wants to go out with any man with a gun, or a trained pig in a circus who has finally found someone who loves and appreciates him for himself alone. That everyday should be a fiesta seemed to me a marvellous discovery. (138)

And, finally, he ends up both compromising his writing "which is about as low as a writer can get and much more dangerous for him as a writer" (139) and losing his first wife.

Hemingway also makes a sustained use of irony throughout A Moveable Feast. Commenting on Hemingway's use of irony, Rubenstein says:

A Moveable Feast is a sustained memory, and Hemingway uses the retrospective point of view to reinforce the theme of lost innocence. Like the photographs in Sylvia Beach's bookshop, memory places people and events at a distance where they can no longer threaten his sense of well-being. This distancing creates irony; the author views his own lost naivete and reacts to it, and the reader watches the interactions of innocence and experience. (237)

For instance, the narrator thinks of Stein as a generous, warm,

and affectionate person initially. "I thought of what a warm and affectionate friend Miss Stein had been and how beautifully she had spoken of Apollinaire ... and I thought, I will do my best to serve her and see she gets justice for the good work she had done as long as I can" (29). Hemingway has all along dropped broad hints to us about the insidious character of Stein and her contaminating and corrupting influence. We the readers realize that if the narrator has to protect and preserve his vulnerable world of love and literature, he must break his relationship with her. But the narrator is not yet aware of Stein's insidious character. And this creates tension born out of the ironical situation. Again, enjoying the simple pleasures of life, the narrator very naively believes that it is only the other people who are jealous of his happiness and seek to destroy it. He does not realize that there are other things besides people which can also destroy one's happiness. But then he is too young and innocent to realize that. "Life had seemed so simple that morning when I had wakened and found the false spring and heard the pipes of the man with his herd of goats and gone out and bought the racing paper" (45). He gets drawn to horse-racing under the belief that it is a simple and innocent sports. But now looking at it from the perspective of old age, he realizes that nothing is so simple and innocent. "But Paris was a very old city and we were young and nothing was simple there, not even poverty, nor sudden money, nor the moonlight, nor right and wrong, nor the breathing of someone who lay beside you in the moonlight" (45).

In the Preface to A Moveable Feast, Hemingway says that "if the reader prefers, this book may be regarded as fiction."

Indeed, Hemingway, through his narrative imagination, transforms A Moveable Feast from a memoir of his early Paris days to a work of fiction which comes to represent a journey from innocence to experience.

Chapter 5

A PERMANENT RECORD

Life asked Hemingway to do an article of about 5,000 words on the rivalry between Antonio Ordóñez and Luis Miguel Domínguez in the 1959 bullfighting season. Hemingway, who was in Spain to gather some new material for the appendix to be added to the proposed new edition of Death in the Afternoon, was reluctant at first, but he finally agreed to do the piece for Life. He cabled to Edward Thompson, the editor of Life:

Please see my file of cables to Sidney James stop If you wish to order in advance four to five thousand word piece payment Thirty thousand Dollars for piece US Serial Rights only in case of any fatality or definite destruction of either matador stop will write such piece if such a fatality or Definite Mutilization occurs Best Regards (Hemingway Collection, JFK Library)

But bullfighting, being a subject close to his heart, Hemingway found it impossible to deal with it so briefly. He started writing the piece on 10 October 1959 and, by 15 October 1959, was well past the contracted 5,000 words. When he finished it on 28 May 1960, the word count stood at 108,746. He wrote to Thompson on 2 June 1960:

Finally finished 108,746 words of first draft on May 28th. It is being typed and will start correction, cutting and any necessary re-write. Will have to go to Spain to get what I need for the end and to check certain things nobody will write or tell me on the telephone. (Hemingway Collection, JFK Library)

Hemingway was worried about the length of the piece. Life offered to edit and cut the piece for him, but he declined. He tried to edit and cut it by himself for three weeks but not with

much success. Then he sought A. E. Hotchner's help and together they deleted 54,916 words from the typescript. While Hemingway returned to Spain to gather more material for the ending of the piece, A. E. Hotchner took the edited typescript to New York and there, with Life's editors, finished the revisions. Finally, Life published the abridged script in three consecutive installments, beginning in September 1960.

In the First installment, it was announced that the complete version of The Dangerous Summer running to 120,000 words would be published the following year by the Scribner's. But the book was not published until 25 years later and, that too, in a much reduced form. Charles Scribner, Jr. said that the manuscript badly needed editing for the book publication and though, over the years, he had whittled it down some, he was never really satisfied. Finally, in 1984 the task of editing the manuscript for publication fell on Michael Pietsch, a young editor at the Scribner's. He brought it down to 45,000 words and it was published in 1985. Justifying the editing, the publishers claimed:

It may come as a disappointment to Hemingway admirers that these cuts have been made. There is no doubt that the original script is crammed with an accumulation of bullfight detail, of small interest to non-aficionados perhaps, and that equally the full script contains great numbers of repetitions and digressions. It could of course be argued that this was part of the way that Hemingway wrote. It could also be argued that the writer in his own lifetime was a strong defender of what he wanted published and what he did not.

However, Ernest Hemingway wanted The Dangerous Summer published, and Hamish Hamilton hopes that in that sense at least respect has been paid to his intentions.... (9-10)

Our concern is, however, not to debate and discuss the issue

of the publisher's right to tamper with the manuscript. We merely wish to point out that as a result of this editing and deletion, the published text is considerably different from the original manuscript and this has altered the text as an aesthetic object. Commenting on the editing of the manuscript, Ronald Weber says:

The book generally follows the manuscript through the first 493 pages of the 688-page typescript, ending--as the Life series ended--with the dramatic goring of Dominguín at Bilbao. The considerable difference is that the typescript goes on for another 195 pages, broadening attention to an entire season of bullfighting rather than the the book version's concentration on the Ordóñez-Dominguín contest, and altering the overall mood of the book version through the addition of a more personal and somber aspect. (117)

It is with this limitation that we have to read and evaluate The Dangerous Summer.

On its publication, The Dangerous Summer received scant attention from critics and reviewers, but those who took notice of it were effusive in its praise. The reviewer in Time says:

It was intended that The Dangerous Summer be a companion work to Death in the Afternoon, while it certainly is that, it also stands on its own as an oeuvre, charged with humor and drama.... [It] reminds us just what a good sports writer Hemingway was. (48)

The reviewer in The Economist remarks:

The Dangerous Summer is Hemingway's valediction to the Spain he loved, his homage to the beautiful and deadly sport which was for him the noblest of all. Even the reader who abhors bullfighting is made to recognize that there are moments when it is "as pure as mathematics and as warm, as exciting and as stirring as love." This is quite an achievement. (73)

Fredric Joseph Svoboda is a little guarded in his praise of The Dangerous Summer. While discounting its journalistic accuracy, he remarks on the published version of the book:

What is left is not so much the journalistic account of a summer's mano a mano competition between two of the world's best matadors but rather a manuscript which is trying to become a novel.... For the aficionado of Hemingway, this is a wonderful book, smooth and easy reading, with a wealth of the details that evoke place and character and emotion.... However, I suspect that even those who don't know Hemingway's work will find themselves caught up in the dangerous competition, though they of course might better first read The Sun Also Rises and Death in the Afternoon, or some of his stories on the sport. (49-50)

It is important to note that all the reviewers have a similar perception about The Dangerous Summer, namely, that it is much more than a simple record of the rivalry between the two matadors during the bullfight seasons of the year 1959. They all acknowledge that it is a work of art having an existence of its own and that the reader can enjoy and appreciate it irrespective of the fact whether he likes bullfighting or not. Even Hemingway himself admits as much in conversation with A. E. Hotchner: "What I'm attempting to do is to make a real story which would be valuable in itself and worth publishing after there had been no deaths or dramatic endings to the season" (Hotchner 237). That is why he accepted the contract from Life which he called trabajando forzado (forced labour). He says:

It looked like one or the other of the men might be killed and Life wanted coverage of it. Instead, it turned out to be the gradual destruction of one person by another with all the things that led up to it and made it. I had to establish the personality and the art and the basic differences between the two great artists and then show what happened. (Hotchner 233)

Even in the book itself Hemingway explicitly mentions his intention behind writing The Dangerous Summer:

I know how great Antonio could be with any bulls for

which there was a way of fighting. At Christmas I had written him that I wanted to come over and write the truth, the absolute truth, about his work and his place in bullfighting so there would be a permanent record; something that would last when we were both gone. He wanted me to do this and he knew he could handle anything that came out of the toril. (48; emphasis mine)

The references to the absolute truth and desire to leave a permanent record above point clearly to Hemingway's intention of making The Dangerous Summer a work of art. He wants to capture and convey the absolute truth; unlike a journalistic report which is soon lost into oblivion, Hemingway wants to leave behind a permanent record which proves to be enduring and lasting.

In my opinion, The Dangerous Summer is a work of art which captures and conveys the feelings of life and death which bullfight evokes. For Hemingway, bullfight is not merely a sport but a tragedy and it embodies Spanish philosophy of life. The real significance of bullfight lies in the fact "that it kept before men's attention their struggle with the brute forces of nature, to control them to their own ends, in which their human ingenuity gave them the assumption of victory, if they spent their best effort" (Hemingway, Death 189). The bullfight is to be seen as a microcosm of man eternally pitting himself against the destructive forces of nature and the overwhelming odds of death, but with one very important difference. In the bullring the forces of death are not nebulous and impersonal, but are given a concrete shape in the form of the bull, and the strict requirements of the fight give man a feeling, if illusory, of victory over death. And the closer a matador can provoke this danger of death and then control that danger in order to show his

complete domination of his opponent, the better he is and the more beautiful it will be to watch. In The Dangerous Summer, it is this significance of bullfight which Hemingway captures and conveys.

As far as the factual dimension of The Dangerous Summer is concerned, one is highly unlikely to find any factual inaccuracy. Hemingway's lifelong interest in the sport is too well known. In fact, as early as in 1925 Hemingway declares his passionate interest in bullfighting in a letter to Scott Fitzgerald, "To me heaven would be a big bullring with me holding two barrera seats and a trout stream outside that no one else was allowed to fish in..." (Letters 165). Besides, he is the author of a highly technical book on bullfight, Death in the Afternoon and he has depicted it at a considerable length in The Sun Also Rises. For this assignment from Life, Hemingway traverses the length and breadth of Spain on the trails of Antonio Ordóñez and Luis Miguel Domínguez covering as many bullfights as possible from October 1959 to May 1960 and describes them in painstaking detail. Thus, as a journalistic or historical document, no one can challenge its authenticity.

But instead of presenting the facts about the rivalry between the two matadors in the manner of a conventional reporter, Hemingway organizes them in such a way that they become an artistic whole. He transforms the mere fact of the rivalry between the two matadors into a heroic saga where the older matador is driven by his inner code to the edge of destruction.

Antonio emerges as the ideal Hemingway hero, a Santiago writ young. He comes to exemplify what Philip Young calls the "principles of honor, courage and endurance which in a life of tension and pain make a man a man, as we say and enable him to conduct himself well in the losing battle that is life" (Hemingway 8).

The first time the narrator sees Antonio Ordonez perform in the ring, he knows that Antonio has all the attributes of being a great matador: "courage, skill in his profession and grace in the presence of the danger of death" (18).

I could tell he was great from the first long slow pass he made with the cape. It was like seeing all the great cape handlers, and there were many alive and fighting again except that he was better. Then, with the muleta, he was perfect. He killed well and without difficulty. Watching him closely and critically I knew he would be a great matador if nothing happened to him. I did not know then he would be great no matter what happened to him and increase in courage and passion after every great wound. (17)

Antonio is so able and perfect as a matador that he, with his skill, transforms a worthless bull into a fighting bull. He does not let the defect of the bull show to the spectators:

His first bull was worthless. He was hesitant with the horses and did not want to charge frankly, but Antonio picked him up with the cape delicately and suavely, fixed him, taught him, encouraged him by letting him pass closer and closer. He fabricated him into a fighting bull before your eyes. Antonio in his own enjoyment and knowledge of the bull seemed to be working in the bull's head until the bull understood what was wanted of him. If the bull had a worthless idea Antonio would change it for him subtly and firmly. (38-39)

Having thus prepared the bull for the kill, Antonio kills him squarely and cleanly on the second citing. This is the mark of a true matador. We are reminded of Maera, the ideal matador in

Death in the Afternoon: "[Maera] had a complete knowledge of bulls and a valor that was absolute and a solid part of him. When the bulls did not come to him he did not point out the fact to the crowd asking for their indulgence and sympathy, he went to the bulls, arrogant, dominating, and disregarding danger" (79). Like Maera, Antonio exhibits a reckless defiance before death, and he brings the same rebellious attitudes to his work as Hemingway's other heroes, Harry Morgan, Colonel Cantwell, Robert Jordan, and Santiago.

But Antonio's recklessness is that of a man who combines both courage and skill. Hemingway contrasts Antonio with Jaime Ostos who is a recklessly brave man, but lacks skill. Describing Jaime Ostos' performance in the ring, the narrator says:

Like the wild boar he was almost insanely brave when angry or wounded and he seemed still punchy from a concussion he had received in his last fight with Luis Miguel at Barcelona. I liked him and I was worried sick by him all afternoon as he steadily increased the danger until it seemed semi-suicidal.... On that day in Cordoba his white and silver suit was covered with the bull's blood from passing him so close. No one ever truly asked the bull to kill him and then thwarted him by sheer luck, bravery, and reckless skill more times than Jaime Ostos did. (44)

Jaime Ostos, despite his reckless bravery, is unable to control the bull because he lacks all skill and finesse and that is why the narrator "is worried sick by him all afternoon." In contrast to Jaime Ostos is Antonio who combines courage with skill. Antonio takes the complete command of the bull right from the beginning. The description, here, of Antonio's performance shows his complete mastery and domination of the bull:

...he resumed the course of showing the public what a great artist who was brave and knew bulls could do with a real bull with sturdy, long and deadly horns. He

showed them all the classic passes with no tricks nor fakes nor any compromises, passing the bulls as close as Jaime had but with control at all times. When he had shown them everything and how close and purely and slowly it could be done he finished off with a final pase de pecho and then lined the bull up, said goodbye to him with a final lift of the muleta, lowered it and furled it, sighted high along the sword and went in perfectly over the huge horns and the bull came out dead from under his hand while the crowd went mad. (46)

Antonio has not only courage and skill, but he is also a figure of generosity and fortitude. An aspirant bullfighter jumps over the barrera to show his own skill with Antonio's bull in Aranjuez and endangers Antonio by allowing the bull time to learn what he needs to know to gore the man with the deceptive cape. But Antonio, a great matador that he is, is neither alarmed nor angered. He "ran over to him with the cape, said something to him very quickly and put his arm around him and hugged him" (58). With the bull, Antonio makes the most complete and classic faena that the narrator claims to have ever seen, until he begins a series of trick passes and "the bull's right hind hoof slipped and he lurched and his right horn drove into Antonio's left buttock" (59-60). He is so brave and determined that despite his severe goring, he refuses to leave the ring before killing the bull: "... his brother, manager and his sword handler grabbed him and tried to hold him and make him go to the infirmary. Antonio shook them all off in a rage saying to [his brother] Pepe, 'And you call yourself an Ordóñez'" (60). After killing the bull, he waits for the ears, the tail, and a foot to be brought to him and then only he goes to the infirmary:

He waited until the trophies were brought and I watched him standing there bleeding as I made my way through the crowd towards the ring entrance that would lead to the infirmary. Then he turned and took two steps to start

circling the ring, and then slid into the arms of Ferrer and Domingo. He was perfectly conscious but he knew he was bleeding out and there was nothing any more that he could do. That afternoon was over and he had to get ready to return to fight. (61)

In addition to this conspicuous display of fortitude, Antonio gains heroic stature by deliberately provoking danger to himself by his style of fighting, braving the maximum of danger, and then controlling that danger in order to demonstrate his complete domination of his opponent. Because he is "in rebellion against death," he must attempt to impose his will in a way that will give the most vivid dramatization of the authority of the individual personality. Thus, in the last fight at Bilbao, during his moment of truth, his honor demands that he kill the bull *recibiendo*--a way that will emphasize his courage and ability to dominate. Antonio cites the bull *recibiendo* time and again, until the bull is killed:

No one in our time cites *recibiendo*. That belongs to the times of Pedro Romero, that other great torero of Ronda who lived years ago. But Antonio had to kill him in this way as long as he would charge. So he squared him up again, sighted along the blade, and invited him in again with leg and cloth and brought him in to where he would have to get him if the head came up. Again the sword hit bone, again the group confused and broke up and again the muleta guided the horns and the big bull clear.... Antonio sighted along the blade of the sword, bent his left knee forward, swung the muleta towards the bull and as the bull came he waited until the exact moment when the horns would get him, and then the point of the sword went in and the bull came pushing on it, his head down following the red cloth and Antonio's flat palm was pushing on the pommel and the blade slid in slowly high up between the very top of the shoulder blades. Antonio's feet had not moved and the bull and he were one now and when his hand came flat onto the top of the black hide the horn had passed his chest and the bull was dead under his arm. (159-60)

Despite his indomitable pride, tough individualism, and sense of honor, Antonio is humble and full of compassion. He

reminds us of the great fisherman Santiago of The Old Man and the Sea (1952) who treats the fish, whom he kills, as his brother:

...Antonio standing before [the bull] with his hand raised, not in triumph but as though to say goodbye. I knew what he was thinking but for a minute it was hard for me to see his face. The bull could not see his face either but it was a strange friendly face of the strangest boy I ever knew and for once it showed compassion in the ring where there is no place for it. Now the bull knew that he was dead and his legs failed him and his eyes were glazing as Antonio watched him fall. (160-61; emphasis mine)

Outside the ring Antonio is equally superb. Only a week after his severe goring at Aranjuez he takes an early morning walk, without his cane, with the narrator. And he ignores a slight goring during an "encierro" at Pamplona. He is also fun-loving, helping the narrator "kidnap" a pair of American beauties. And during the birthday festivities for the narrator, and his wife, Carmen, he recklessly lets the marksman, Hemingway, shoot the ashes from the cigarette in his mouth seven times: "Finally he said, 'Ernesto, we've gone as far as we can go. The last one just brushed my lips'" (104). The embodiment of agility, this heroic merrymaker catches a tennis ball in each hand while diving into a swimming pool. And for a lark he even risks grave penalties by going along with the "absolutely illegal" ruse of letting his "double," Hotchner, enter the Ciudad Real bullring as his substitute matador. Watching "El Pecas" Hotchner and Antonio don their outfits, the narrator says, "it was the most carefree preparation for a bullfight I have ever seen" (138).

Antonio is the ideal Hemingway hero who comes to represent purity, integrity, vitality, in sum, all the healthy moral and physical values. As contrasted with him, there is Luis Miguel

Dominguín who comes to represent decadence and corruption. Luis Miguel is also a great matador having a complete knowledge of bulls and the skill to dominate the bulls in the ring. Commenting on Luis Miguel's performance as a matador the narrator says:

Luis Miguel was as good as all the reports of him had been. He was proud without being arrogant, tranquil, at ease in the ring at all times and in full control of everything that went on. It was a pleasure to see him direct the fight and to watch his intelligence at work. He had the complete and respectful concentration on his work which marks all great artists. (70)

With the second bull Luis Miguel was even better. The bull was perfect. He did not have a defect and Miguel saw it instantly and made six veronicas without moving the position of his feet. He put in three pairs of banderillas poder a poder of the same type as in the last fight. Citing the bull and bringing him onto him as he moved in until each met at full force then swinging out over the horn as the poised sticks descended vertically in the exact centimetre of space where they belonged. He was a wonderful banderillero and I was deeply moved and impressed by his skill, his knowledge and his artistry. He was doing everything with an easy grace and confidence and he seemed both happy and supremely secure in all that he did.... When he...squared [the bull] for the kill he went in well with the sword and then severed the spinal marrow with the first thrust of the descabello sword. The bull slumped over as though some one had switched off the electric current. Miguel's banderillero cut both ears at the president's answering sign to the storm of handkerchiefs. The crowd wanted to give him more. (74-75)

Despite his skill and courage, Luis Miguel is not as great a matador as Antonio. Luis Miguel has become corrupt and decadent; money and fame have ruined him. He has a distinguished group of admirers especially from the rich, who can swear without knowing much about bullfighting and without even seeing him in the ring in action for years that he is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. In order to maintain his position as an all time great matador, Luis Miguel compromises his integrity. He fights with half bulls and

bulls with shaven horns. In Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway condemns the above two practices as two worst abuses which have destroyed bullfighting as a sport. Because of these two abuses, the bullfight does not arouse the genuine feelings of life and death. And Luis Miguel is guilty on both counts. Not only that, he, in order to please the uninitiated public and to win their adulation, even resorts to cheap tricks:

Luis Miguel hypnotised the bull with the sleep-rocking passes and then knelt before him inside his field of vision and discarded his sword and muleta and turned his back on him. This was what Antonio and I called the truco or the trick. It was a good trick but it was a trick. Luis Miguel's work had been so superior and so brilliant that he had not needed the trick. But he used it for insurance against the President and the public. (75)

Even off the ring, though he is a charming personality and a perfect host, he is vain and pretentious. The narrator's description of the swimming pool and the bronze statue of Miguel at Miguel's ranch shows Luis Miguel's vanity:

We looked at the new-built swimming pool that was not yet filled and we admired the bronze life-size statue of Luis Miguel, a rare thing for a man to have around his own finca in his own lifetime, and I thought Miguel looked better than his statue although his statue looked just a little bit nobler. But it is hard for a man to compete with his own bronze statue in his own side yard. (20-21)

Hemingway cites two more instances of Luis Miguel's vanity. When Luis Miguel comes to stay with the narrator at the Finca in Cuba for a while, he thinks of becoming a diplomat merely because he gets along well with a diplomat at the Spanish Embassy and enjoys the night life with the diplomat. Again, he thinks that he can make a wonderful writer:

He also thought about taking up writing. If Ernesto

could write, I think he reasoned, it must be easy. I explained there was nothing to it if you did it right and told him how I did it. So for a couple of days we each wrote in the mornings and he brought what he wrote down to the pool at noon. (22)

Luis Miguel is a charming companion and a wonderful host. He is a socialite and dilettante, both being signs of decadence.

Thus we the readers can see that the rivalry between Antonio and Luis Miguel is not just a rivalry between two matadors but a fight between two forces--one force representing truth, honesty, integrity, and heroism, the other force representing falsity, corruption, hypocrisy, and decadence. And the triumph of Antonio over Luis Miguel represents triumph of the heroic over the cowardly, of truth over falsity, and of the genuine over the counterfeit.

Hemingway sums up the position of both Antonio and Luis Miguel at the beginning of the rivalry:

Luis Miguel had his place to maintain. He claimed to be the number one bullfighter and he was rich. That was weight to carry in the ring but he really loved to fight bulls and he forgot about being rich when he was in the ring. But he wanted the odds in his favour and the odds were the tampering with the horns. He also wanted to be paid more money than Antonio per fight and that was where the deadliness came in. Antonio had the pride of the devil. He was convinced that he was a greater bullfighter than Luis Miguel and that he had been for a long time. He knew that he could be great no matter how the horns were. Luis Miguel was being paid more than Antonio was and I knew that if this occurred when they fought together Antonio would turn loose that strange molten quality he had inside himself until there would be no doubt in anyone's mind and especially Luis Miguel's who was the greater fighter. Antonio would do that or he would die and he was in no mood to die. (76)

This is how things stand at the beginning of the rivalry between the two. While Antonio, who considers himself a better matador than Luis Miguel, is out to prove his superiority in the bullring,

Luis Miguel who has long established himself as the greatest matador of the times and gets higher payment than Antonio has his own position to maintain. This is, no doubt, as dramatic a situation as can be conceived.

One can not fully appreciate the dramatic tension present in bullfights without knowing how rivalry works in a deadly fashion in the sport. Hemingway makes an insightful analysis in the paragraph quoted below:

Bullfighting is worthless without rivalry. But with two great bullfighters it becomes a deadly rivalry. Because when one does something, and can do it regularly, that no one else can do and it is not a trick but a deadly dangerous performance only made possible by perfect nerves, judgement, courage and art and this one increases its deadliness steadily, then the other, if he has any temporary failure of nerves or of judgement, will be gravely wounded or killed if he tries to equal or surpass it. He will have to resort to tricks and when the public learns to tell the tricks from the true thing he will be beaten in the rivalry and he will be very lucky if he is still alive or in business. (29-32)

This is what we see happening here. In their very first fight together at Zaragoza, Antonio sets the tone and pace for the rivalry by performing "quite" on Luis Miguel's bull:

Luis Miguel's first bull came out well and charged the picadors strongly and with decision. Luis Miguel took him on the first quite and showed the same good form, arrogance and domination with the cape that he had the last time we had seen him. Then Antonio took the bull away from the cape the next time he charged a picador. He took him out into the ring and passed him so slowly, so close, holding himself absolutely straight and sculpturing each pass and slowing it and lengthening it until you could not believe such cape work was possible. The crowd, and Luis Miguel, knew that their difference with the cape had been established. (78-79)

Antonio's performing quite on Luis Miguel's bull makes Luis Miguel very spooky and nervous. Although in this fight Luis Miguel comes out ahead of Antonio because of an additional bull which Luis

Miguel kills as a substitute, commenting on the fight the narrator says: "Today was very instinctive. Luis Miguel is very intelligent and that quite of Antonio's on his bull got to him. That will stay with him. You'll see. That's what Antonio did to poor Aparicio in Madrid" (81).

There is a further intensification of the rivalry, and Antonio steps up pressure on an already worried and nervous Luis Miguel. Hemingway shows how this rivalry gnaws into Luis Miguel's mind and how it affects his performance. He is obsessed with Antonio. Even when he fights separately in the ring, he keeps thinking of Antonio all the time:

He had done everything that he could and done it perfectly and his triumph was complete and absolute. He made two turns around the ring with his tight-lipped smile that was becoming sad lately. He was not arrogant but seemed to be thinking about something else as he held the two ears up and his cuadrilla followed behind him throwing back the women's bags, shoes, flowers and the wine skins and straw hats.... I wondered... whether he was wondering what he could do more than he had done that day when he and Antonio would fight together and the chips will be all down. (106; emphasis mine)

Here is a man for whom the rivalry is turning into a kind of nightmare; here is a man whose courage is giving way under the adverse circumstances. What we are witnessing here is a gradual destruction of Luis Miguel by his proud challenger, Antonio. Antonio has so completely shaken Luis Miguel's confidence that Luis Miguel is not even able to kill well.

He could not do it. He went in five times but he could not slam in. He was not hitting bone. He simply could not bring himself to drive in. The crowd was strangely silent. They were watching something happen to a man that they could not understand. I thought Antonio had killed him off with the cape and the muleta and I was sorry for him. (111; emphasis mine)

It is in such a condition that Luis Miguel fights mano a

mano with Antonio. And no wonder he gets severely gored by a bull.

Except for his performance in Malaga, Luis Miguel's performance continues to deteriorate rapidly. He seems to be in a constant state of diffidence and despondency. Antonio has destroyed his confidence and courage. Hemingway shows this to the reader through the conversations between Hotchner and himself:

'What was the matter?' Hotch asked.

'Plenty,' I said. 'Part the bull's fault and part his.'

'Is he going to get that way where he can't kill again?'

'I don't know. The bull didn't help him any but he couldn't keep his left hand down and he couldn't slam in.'

'Why is it hard to keep the left hand way down?'

'Danger of death.'

'I see,' said Hotch. (141; emphasis mine)

'Luis Miguel looks in bad shape,' Hotch said. 'He was so wonderful at Malaga.'

'He shouldn't be fighting,' I said. 'But he wants to fight out of it. He nearly got killed at Valencia. Again at Malaga. That big bull nearly had him today. He's getting sort of preoccupied now.'

'What's he preoccupied about?'

'Death.' I said. It was all right to say it in English if you said it low. 'Antonio carries it around for him in his pocket.' (144; emphasis mine)

The failure of Luis Miguel is that of a man whose inner core has become rotten. He has, over a period of time, given himself up to a life of pleasure and ease. He has allowed himself to be corrupted; he has lost his moral integrity. All that he cares for is public adulation and this he achieves by performing tricks instead of giving a genuine performance which evokes the feeling of life and death in the ring. And his moral decay is shown in his fear of death. Now faced with a challenge from the genuine

hero. he has come to such a sorry state that his fear and incompetence become palpable:

[Luis Miguel] knew how close he had been to being killed when he had fought with Antonio in the last big fights.... But too many things were piling up and he was running out of luck. It was one thing to live to be the number one in the world in his profession and have that be the one true belief in his life. It was another thing to be almost killed each time he went out to prove it and to know that only his wealthiest and most powerful friends, a number of beautiful women, and Pablo Picasso who had not seen a bullfight in Spain in twenty-five years still believed it. The important thing was for him to believe it himself. The others all could come back if he believed it and could make it true. Hurt and wounded as he was this wasn't a good day to make it come true. But he was going to try and may be the old miracle that he had made at Malaga would come again. (151-52)

Antonio pushes Luis Miguel to the edge of desperation and Luis Miguel, in his desperate bid to retain his superiority, resorts to tricks and this proves almost fatal when the second bull at Bilbao gores him severely in the abdomen. Commenting on his performance, the narrator says: "He had been eliminated in a stupid way" (156).

On Luis Miguel having been gored, Antonio takes over his bull and performs brilliantly with him. He has won over the spectators completely with his magic performance. He has established his superiority and he does not need to take any further risk. But the great matador that he is, he decides to perform recibiendo with his own bull and put the question of superiority to rest once and for all. He kills the bull perfectly: he and the bull are joined together into one perfect figure.

The triumph of Antonio over Luis Miguel is the triumph of good over bad, of true over false, of the heroic over the

cowardly; the triumph of Antonio reaffirms our faith in the essential virtues of life.

Much of the interest of the story derives from the role of the narrator. The narrator's involvement with both the matadors adds another dimension to the narrative. In the two opening chapters of The Dangerous Summer, he narrates how he, an unenthusiastic observer becomes, much against his will and knowledge, an active participant in the drama of rivalry between the two. The narrator says that he had no interest in bullfighting and he was going to Spain to show it to his wife, Mary. He had been away from the bullfights for fourteen years, and, though, he does not agree with it, he quotes the popular belief that asserts "if you can stay away from bullfighting for a year, you can stay away from it forever" (13). He is most unhappy about the abuses that have crept into bullfighting during this period and he lists some of them in great detail. To a person who values greatly absolute purity and integrity in everything in life, especially in bullfighting which he loves passionately, this is most tragic. He writes, "So for many reasons, especially the fact that I had grown away from the spectator sports, I had lost much of my old feeling for the bullfight" (16). Though he is eager to see the new generation of bullfighters, he says that he "had resolved never to have a bullfighter for a friend," for he "suffered too much for them and with them when they could not cope with the bull from fear or the incapacity that fear brings" (16). But the great friend and admirer of the father of Antonio he

becomes. before he knows what is happening, an esteemed friend of the young matadors.

In his very first encounter with Antonio, the narrator becomes a friend of Antonio. After the corrida, Antonio sends a message to the narrator through a mutual friend to come and see him at his hotel. And despite his best counsel that "Don't start being friends with bullfighters again and especially not with this one when you know how good he is and how much you will have to lose if anything happens to him" (18), the narrator goes to see him. He strikes an instant friendship with Antonio:

So looking in those strange eyes, the grin gone now along with any doubt that we were going to be friends, I told him that he was better than his father and I told him how good his father was.... We made an appointment to meet at El Rey Noble with Mary and have been friends ever since. (19)

There is another dimension to their friendship, that of father and son, which gradually develops as the narrative progresses. The narrator had been a friend and admirer of Antonio's father, Cayetano Ordóñez, who inspired his creation of Pedro Romero in The Sun Also Rises. Cayetano had begun his career in a very promising way and had been a great matador. But after a severe goring, he lost all courage and could not perform well in the ring. Hemingway was very much disillusioned with him and denounced him in Death in the Afternoon: "If you see Nino de la Palma [Cayetano Ordóñez] the chances are you will see cowardice in its least attractive form; its fat-rumped, prematurely bald from using fixatives, prematurely senile form" (87-88). In their meeting, the very first thing which Antonio says to the narrator is "Sit down on the bed. Tell me. Am I as good as my father?"

(19). We the readers get sufficient hints that Antonio who must be aware of the failings of his father as a matador now looks up to the narrator as a substitute father.

This father-son relationship between the narrator and Antonio comes to a full circle in the aftermath of Antonio's goring in Aranjuez. The narrator acts as a loving and caring but stern father. He is deeply concerned with Antonio's well-being. He goes to the hospital and remains by Antonio's bedside. When Antonio suffers with pain, we find the narrator also suffering. He leaves Madrid only when he is sure that there are no complications with Antonio's wound. He oversees Antonio's convalescence, changes the dressing on his wound and nurses him back into shape:

That first day at La Consula we talked and joked, happy to have the wound over and the rebuilding started. Antonio swam a little the first day. The wound was still drawing and I changed the small dressing. The second day he walked carefully but with no limp nor unsteadiness. Each day he was stronger and better. We exercised, we swam, shot hand trap in the olive orchard behind the stables and trained well and ate and drank well and had fun. Then he overreached and went down to bathe in the sea on a rough day and the tumbling sand-filled breakers opened the wound partially but I could see it was healing soundly and well and I cleaned it and dressed it and taped it together. (68)

And this is not a one-way relationship. Antonio, on his part, shows complete confidence in Hemingway and accepts him in the role of the substitute father. After each fight Antonio seeks Hemingway's approval, like a child running up to his father to win approval for everything that he does. For instance, after the corrida at Madrid, Antonio asks the narrator whether he is satisfied with his performance:

Afterwards sitting on the bed up in the room at

the Wellington while he cooled out after the shower. Antonio said, 'Contento Ernesto with the first one?'

'You know,' I said. 'Everybody knew. You had to make him. You had to invent him.'

'Yes,' he said. 'But he turned out pretty well.'
(40)

Antonio seeks the narrator's company. After his goring in Aranjuez, the first person whom he asks for is the narrator; Antonio wants Hemingway to stay by his bedside and comfort him when he is in pain. He goes over to La Consula for his convalescence and submits himself to Hemingway's discipline. Even from the behavior of Antonio's wife, Carmen and his personal surgeon, Dr. Tammames, it is quite obvious that Hemingway is the only person who wields influence upon Antonio.

If the developing father-son relationship between Hemingway and Antonio provides one dimension to the narrative on the one hand, then, on the other, Hemingway's friendship with both the rival matadors provides another dimension. Hemingway is not only friendly to Antonio and comes to treat him like a son, but is also friendly with Luis Miguel. He has genuine regard for Luis Miguel. He helps Luis Miguel to the infirmary after Luis Miguel is gored at Valencia. Again, he visits Luis Miguel at the infirmary, when he is recovering from a goring at Bilbao. In the fight at Algeuras, Luis Miguel dedicates the bull to Hemingway and Mary, and to their friendship: "Mary and Ernesto: I dedicate the death of this bull to our friendship that lasts forever" (75). Friendship complicates Hemingway's personal situation. He sums up his dilemma in the following words: "We were both touched and it made things more complicated than ever. I was trying to be absolutely just in my appraisal of Luis Miguel and of Antonio but

the rivalry was becoming increasingly difficult" (75). Though the performances of Antonio and Luis Miguel speak for themselves and leave no one in doubt who is the better of the two, open and public declaration of the fact is, to the narrator, not an easy job because of the loyalty imposed upon him by friendship. He feels pained to give Luis Miguel only the second place, a person, who, he says, "was a wonderful companion, a perfect guest and he told me some of the damnest things I have ever heard about life and about bullfighting" (22). He goes on to confess, "That was one of the things that made the 1959 campaign so terrible" (22). The internal conflict is thus woven into the external drama, heightening the effect.

The narrative has been given a beautiful structure--a prologue, a beginning, a middle, and an end. The first two chapters serve as a prologue to the main action. They introduce the two rival matadors and establish their backgrounds, thus setting the stage for the rivalry between the two. But more important than that, they establish Hemingway in the role of the involved narrator through whose eyes we watch the rivalry between the two matadors. The prologue tells us how Hemingway, an unenthusiastic observer becomes much against his will and knowledge, an active participant in the rivalry between the two. Starting with their performances in separate rings, Hemingway describes how each of them gets wounded and incapacitated for a temporary period and how they return to the ring after their recovery. The first stage reaches its climax with Antonio getting wounded in Aranjuez and the second stage climaxes with Luis Miguel

getting gored in Valencia. The rivalry between the two is shown to grow as the season advances. Action reaches the climax when the two of them engage in mano a mano bullfights. Antonio's superiority to Luis Miguel has become more than obvious to the narrator, if not to the public. Luis Miguel himself clearly sees it, though it is a humiliating thought. In the last fight he is gored by the bull and removed from the ring. The curtain falls over the ring after the victorious Antonio performs *recibiendo*, the most difficult action in bullfight.

Part of the narrative scheme is to convey to the reader the tension and nervous excitement which prevail in the bullring and Hemingway achieves this by building up dramatic tension in the narrative before the fights. For example, Hemingway concludes the second chapter with the following remark: "The way it turned out I would not have missed the spring, summer and fall for anything else that you could do. It would have been tragic to miss it and it was tragic to watch it. But it was not a thing you could miss" (26). This reference to the tragic situation heightens our curiosity and we wait, with bated breath, for the rivalry between the two matadors to unfold. But Hemingway instead of taking us straight to the bullring and describing the action there, holds up the action in order to build up dramatic tension. He gives a detailed description of his journey to Spain aboard the ship "Constitution" and of La Consula, a villa which he makes his base during his stay in Paris. The narrator, after his arrival in Spain, does not go to the fights straight away but lingers on in La Consula and prefers to hear reports about the matadors'

performances from his friend, Juanito Quintana. Following is the conversation that takes place between the narrator and Juanito Quintana:

I asked him how Antonio was.

'He's better than ever,' Juanito said. 'He is more confident and absolutely secure. He's crowding the bull all of the time. Wait till you see him.'

'Did you see anything wrong?'

'No. Nothing.'

....

'Do you still think we were right about him?'

'Yes, hombre, yes. He's just as good as we thought he was and the punishment he's taken has strengthened him. It hasn't diminished him at all in any way.'

'And how is Luis Miguel?'

'Ernesto, I don't know how it will be. Last year in Vitoria he had a corrida of real bulls, Miuras, but not the old ones of our time. Good ones but real bulls and he couldn't deal with them. They dominated him and he's a dominator. (28-29)

We the readers who have eagerly been waiting for the narrator to take us to the bullring, can hardly wait now after hearing Juanito Quintana's opinion. It is only then that the narrator takes us to the actual bullfight and the scene of action.

Again, for example, Hemingway builds up the dramatic tension just before the goring of Luis Miguel at Valencia by making oblique references to the impending goring. Before he goes on to describe the mano a mano in which Luis Miguel gets gored, he comments: "I don't know what Luis Miguel did nor how he slept the night before the first decisive fight at Valencia. People told me he had stayed up very late but they always say things after something has happened" (113).

Again, describing the weather conditions at the beginning of the fight, the narrator says: "...Luis Miguel's first bull came into the arena the sky was dark with storm, there was no sun, and

it was blowing a full gale" (115). Again, in the middle of the fight, Antonio tells the narrator:

'Ernesto, the wind is terrible,' he said in a hard strange voice. I had never heard his voice change in the ring except with anger and it was lower, never higher. This was not higher either nor complaining. He wanted to establish something. We both knew something was going to happen but this was the only moment when we did not know who it was going to happen to. It lasted only long enough to say the five words. (118)

And sure enough, Luis Miguel gets gored by his second bull.

Another aspect of the narrative scheme is to relax the tension when it reaches its peak. For example, at the most crucial juncture of the mano a mano at Ciudad Real when Antonio has given brilliant performances with two bulls and Luis Miguel has now only one bull left with which to retrieve his position, Hemingway introduces the scene of the comic conversation between himself and Hotchner who has been illegally acting as a substitute matador for Antonio.

I went back to Hotch and we watched Luis Miguel's bull come out. It was his small one.

'What did Antonio say?'

'He said you were looking great.'

'That's easy,' said Hotch. 'What else?'

'For me to tell you how to kill.'

'It would be useful to know. Do you think I'll have to?'

'I don't think so unless you want to pay to kill the reserve bull.'

'What would it cost?'

'Forty thousand pesetas.'

'Can I charge it on my Diners Club card?'

'Not in Ciudad Real.'

'I'd better pass it up then,' Hotch said. 'I never carry more than twenty dollars cash. You learn that on the coast.'

'I can let you take the money.'

'That's all right, Papa. I'll only kill if I have to kill for Antonio.' (143)

This comic conversation taking place in highly tense moments has

the effect of providing comic relief and relaxing the readers. There are many such examples in the narrative.

For Hemingway, evoking the sense of place has always been extremely important. He once told George Anthein, "Unless you have geography, background, you have nothing" (Baker, The Writer 278). And Hemingway achieves this with remarkable success in The Dangerous Summer. Here is one such example where he describes his journey from Malaga to Madrid:

Starting out to drive in a part of the country you do not know, the distances all seem longer than they are, the difficult parts of the road much worse than they are, the dangerous curves more dangerous and the steep ascents have a greater percentage of grade. It is like going back into your childhood or early youth. But the drive from Malaga on the sea up into and over the coastal range of mountains is rugged even when you get to know every curve and every advantage you can take.... I tried to watch the valleys and small stone towns and farms spread out below us as we climbed and looked back at broken ranges running to the sea. I looked at the naked dark trunks of the cork oaks where the bark had been cut and stripped a month before and I looked down into the deep crevasses on a turn and at the fields of gorse with limestone jutting out that rolled away to the high stone peaks. (33)

Such descriptions have the effect of transporting the reader to that place. Hemingway, sometimes invests such descriptions with symbolic meaning. For example, his descriptions of journey from Madrid to Bilbao and of Bilbao acquire symbolic significance:

We stopped at the old tavern in Burgos so our ex-driver Mario...could eat the trout from the stream in the high Castillian hills beyond the town. Shiny and spotted, they were plump and fresh and firm-fleshed and you could pick out your own trout and partridges in the kitchen. The wine was served in stone pitchers and we had the delicate Burgos cheese I used to bring back to Gertrude Stein in Paris when I'd come home from Spain in the old days third-class on the train. (147; emphasis mine)

Bilbao is an industrial and shipping town set down in a cup of hills on a river. It is a big, rich, solid, and either hot and moist or cold and moist. There is beautiful country out from it and the small tidewater rivers that cut far back into the country are lovely. It is a big money town and sporting town and I have many friends there. It can be hotter in August than any place in Spain except Cordoba. On this day it was hot but not too hot and clear and the wide streets looked cheerful. (147; emphasis mine)

These descriptions convey to the readers the happy mood of the narrator which comes from a sense of well-being and a feeling of victory. The narrator is now sure and confident of Antonio's victory over Luis Miguel and that makes him happy. This becomes evident from the narrator's use of adjectives in the above passages, adjectives like shiny, spotted, fresh, plump, firm and delicate in the first passage and beautiful, lovely and cheerful in the second passage.

This is how Hemingway succeeds in making "a real story which would be valuable in itself and worth publishing after there had been no deaths or dramatic endings to the season" (Hotchner 237).

Chapter 6

CONCLUSION

If it was reporting they would not remember it. When you describe something that has happened that day the timeliness makes people see it in their own imaginations. A month later that element of time is gone and your account would be flat and they would not see it in their minds nor remember it. But if you make it up instead of describing it you can make it round and whole and solid and give it life. You create it, for good or bad. It is made; not described. It is just as true as the extent of your ability to make it and knowledge you put into it.

Ernest Hemingway, "Monologue to the Maestro: A High Seas Letter"

Hemingway started his career as a journalist and although he gave it up as a profession in 1923, he kept contributing to various magazines and newspapers throughout the rest of his life. Even in his journalism, the emphasis was always on "making up" rather than describing; the effort was always to convey the significance of the events rather than a simple description of those events. He didn't always succeed in this effort since he had to do the write-ups in a hurry to meet the deadlines and, as he himself claimed, he tossed them off for money. They always bore his personal stamp, but they lacked the artistic concentration and imagination which he brought to bear upon his short stories and fiction and, more importantly, to his extended works of nonfiction as we have seen above.

Hemingway's extended works of nonfiction are "made up;" he has made them "round and whole and solid and gave [them] life." As we have discussed in chapter 1, a nonfiction novel is an

aesthetic experience

embodying the result of [the] confrontation between external events and personal mind--a microcosmic selection, shaping, and interpretation of events of the macrocosm into a text, a construct representing not events, but an individual consciousness's experience of them. (Hellmann 25-26)

And this is what Hemingway seeks to achieve in his nonfictional works. He explores the possibilities of use of fictional forms and techniques in dealing with "factual" subject-matter. He never wears the mask of objectivity in the manner of a conventional reporter. In his nonfiction, while he adheres closely to the "facts," he transforms the factual subject-matter into a work of art. He frankly acknowledges the central role played by his perceiving consciousness in choosing, interpreting, and shaping of that experience into a meaningful pattern. The focus is always on the authorial consciousness shaping the overall text and the consciousness of the narrator as he views facts, rather than on a direct, seemingly objective view of facts. His primary purpose and aim is aesthetic. He achieves this by using highly imaginative approaches and perspectives to shape his subject-matter.

In Death in the Afternoon Hemingway does not only give us a comprehensive account of bullfight in all its aspects, but he sets out to "get the real thing, the sequence of motions and facts which made the emotion and which would be valid in a year or in ten years..." (10). As we have seen in chapter 2, he achieves this by turning the account of bullfight into a metafictional and self-reflexive narrative. He approaches the narrative both from the vantage point of a playful and ironic hectoring narrator and

as an involved spectator-narrator. The technique of introducing an imaginary character, the old lady, and his interlocutions with her enable the author/narrator to maintain an ironic distance and thus adopt the stance of parody and satire. It enables him to freely react and comment on the events rather than report them in a seemingly objective fashion. It also enables him to indulge in various digressions and analogies which throw light on the narrative in an indirect way. Again the concluding chapter of the book, where Hemingway lyrically evokes the vanishing heart of Spain, has the effect of putting the whole narrative in its proper perspective in retrospect. And, once again, in the concluding passage he emphasizes the "constructed" nature of the narrative and the central role played by his narrative imagination:

Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly. The thing to do is work and learn to make it. No. It is not enough of a book, but still there were a few things to be said. (244)

While Hemingway has cast Death in the Afternoon as a metafictional narrative, he has cast the other three works in the realistic mode. He draws on the conventions of the realistic fiction such as characterization, plot, use of symbols, etc. In Green Hills of Africa, with the help of his narrative imagination, he turns the account of the safari trip into a story of the quest for self. While in the foreword of the book he fixes the frame of reference of fiction for the narrative and emphasizes the constructed nature of the narrative and the role played by his shaping consciousness, he uses the conventions associated with the realistic fiction throughout the narrative. For example, he uses

the device of characterization and shows the growth of the narrator/protagonist in terms of contrastive patterns of characters. He also invests the characters with symbolic significance whereby different characters come to symbolize different modes of life. Again, he uses the plot structure to give the narrative an inward direction. The narrative is structured in such a way that it always points to the climactic end of the kudu hunt where both forms of pursuit-- pursuit of the kudu bull and pursuit and quest for the realization of the self-- merge together. Yet, on the other level, he makes the African landscape come alive in the text and conveys to the reader the sight, smell, and feel of the African landscape. Furthermore, he invests the landscape with symbolic meaning.

In A Moveable Feast we have a book where Hemingway successfully transforms materials of autobiography into those of art. Hemingway turns the account of his stay in Paris into an artistic journey from innocence to experience. Here again, in the preface he acknowledges the inherent fictional nature of the narrative: "if the reader prefers, this book may be regarded as fiction. But there is always a chance that such a book of fiction may throw some light on what has been written as fact" (9). Here he adopts the strategy of narrating the events through association instead of that of narrating the events in a chronological sequence. This enables him to organize these events in terms of themes and it is the emergence of a distinct pattern of themes which gives the narrative a unified structure. As in Green Hills of Africa, here too, Hemingway employs contrastive patterns of characters and invests them with symbolic significance. We have

also discussed in chapter 4 how a sustained use of imagery and symbols in A Moveable Feast provides a unifying structure of images and references to the narrative.

The Dangerous Summer, instead of just remaining a journalistic report of the rivalry between two matadors, becomes a heroic saga where the older matador is driven by his inner code to the edge of destruction. Hemingway adopts the strategy of narrating the story as an involved narrator. Much of the interest of the story comes from his involvement with the two matadors. He also uses the strategy of investing the characters with symbolic meaning where Antonio comes to represent healthy moral values of life and Luis Miguel stands for corruption and decay, and the triumph of Antonio over Luis Miguel comes to represent the triumph of good over bad, of true over false, and of the heroic over the cowardly. Hemingway also gives the narrative a beautiful structure: a prologue, a beginning, a middle, and an end. Part of the narrative scheme is to capture in the text the tension and nervous excitement which prevail in the ring and Hemingway achieves this by building up the dramatic tension in the narrative before fights. He also uses the rhythmic pattern of building up dramatic tension and then just before it reaches its peak, he relaxes it, and he repeats this rhythmic pattern throughout the narrative.

In the foregoing discussion and analysis, we have seen that Hemingway's nonfictional works are not warm-up exercises in which Hemingway tried to work out new ideas and used them later in his fiction, as Robert O. Stephen claimed, but they are works of art

in their own right, worthy of independent study. Furthermore, Hemingway's nonfictional works should be classified as nonfiction novels since they, too, like nonfiction novel, "while pointing finally or ultimately inward, point outward toward the actual world without ever deviating from observations of that world except in forms" (Hellmann 27). One must add here that since nonfiction novel developed as a new genre in order to deal adequately with the fast-changing surrealistic contemporary reality which stretched our credulity to limits, the term has come to be associated with only those works which have contemporary events as their subjects. We ought to extend the definition of nonfiction novel to include all such works which meet the essential conditions, namely, close adherence to facts and the final inward direction, irrespective of the fact whether they deal with the contemporary reality or not.

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